



THE WAREHOUSE

BY MIKE TUCKER

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD
Time traveller's companion.

The FREDS: (also **ACOLYTE #2**)
(M - 40s) Clone section leader. Bullish, straightforward.

The JEANS:
(F - 40s) Clone - slightly timid, but loyal to family.

The ANNS:
(F - late teen) Clone - rebellious, cheeky, inquisitive.

SUPERVISOR: (also **ACOLYTE #1**)
(M - 50s-60s) Boss of the Warehouse - jolly and slightly camp, hiding an inhuman monster.

LYDEK:
(F - 50s-70s) High Priestess of a cult, blinkered and single-minded until her final revelation.

REEF: (also **COMPUTER / TERMINAL**)
(M - early 30s) Brave and well-intentioned - one-time Acolyte of Lydek, now trying to help the people.

DARL:
(F - early 30s) Shy, oppressed.

ALSO: VOICES x 3 ('newscaster' style).

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PART ONE

1. EXT. JUNGLE. NIGHT

JUNGLE SOUNDS — ANIMALS, CICADAS, CHATTERING BIRDS. REEF & DARL MOVING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH. THEY TALK IN HUSHED TONES, NOT WANTING TO BE OVERHEARD.

REEF:

(FX: PARTING UNDERGROWTH) There it is, Darl — the temple.

DARL:

Are you sure about this, Reef?

REEF:

We can't turn back now.

DARL:

This is all wrong. You're a Service Assistant!

REEF:

And that's why I've got to do something! We've been good citizens. We've done everything the Priestess has told us.

DARL:

(UNSURE) I know, but...

REEF:

We're told that if we live a good life, obey the commandments, then we will be rewarded. Well, we've done all that, for generations, and still we live like animals in the dirt.

DARL:

It's the same for everyone.

REEF:

Then everyone deserves better! (MORE GENTLY:) Think of your father, wasting away. He won't survive the winter unless we all get more food.

DARL:

I know.

REEF:

The temple steps look to be clear. Now's our chance. Come on.

RUSTLING AS THEY PUSH FORWARD.

2. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

'HOVER' MODE. THE DOCTOR NOISILY RUMMAGING THROUGH BOXES.

DOCTOR:

No... (THROWS BOX ASIDE, DELVES INSIDE ANOTHER) No... (THROWS BOX ASIDE, DELVES INSIDE ANOTHER) No...

MEL:

(ENTERING) Doctor, what on Earth are you doing with all these boxes?

DOCTOR:

Mel! There you are!

MEL:

The control room looks like a bomb's hit it.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – the problem with the TARDIS having an almost limitless amount of space is that there's an almost limitless number of things one can keep, and an almost limitless number of places one can put them.

MEL:

So what is it you're looking for, exactly?

DOCTOR:

It's a surprise. (MORE RUMMAGING) Ah!

MEL:

Success?

DOCTOR:

(FX: SHAKING BAG OF MARBLES) No, but I've found my marbles. I thought I'd lost them.

MEL:

(LAUGHING) Why am I not surprised?!

MORE RUMMAGING.

DOCTOR:

Ah-ha! Here they are! I knew they were in here somewhere! (GETTING UP, HOLDING OUT TICKETS) Take them, take them.

MEL:

(TAKING TICKETS) Tickets? (READING) 'The Tragedy of the Cyborgs' by the Megrootii (meg-rooty) Pla-

DOCTOR CROSSES TO CONSOLE, PRESSES CONTROLS THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

(CORRECTING HER) Megrootii (meg-rooty-EYE).

MEL:

Megrootii (meg-rooty-EYE) Planetary Opera.

DOCTOR:

At the grand concert hall on Megrootii Prime, no less!

MEL:

What's so special about the Megrootii Planetary Opera?

DOCTOR:

The Megrootii have three heads each, so every member of the company can harmonise with themselves.

MEL:

It sounds extraordinary.

DOCTOR:

It is. (FX: TARDIS ENGINES GRINDING) Even if all those extra heads make it hard to get a clear view from the stalls...

3. INT. TEMPLE

LARGE, CREAKY SWING DOOR PUSHED OPEN FROM OUTSIDE.
CONSPIRATORIAL VOICES, AS BEFORE.

REEF:

It's alright. (STEPPING INTO LARGE SPACE) Come on, there's no-one here.

DARL FOLLOWS — DOOR SWINGS SHUT BEHIND.

DARL:

The Temple isn't guarded?

REEF:

Why bother? Who's going to be stupid enough to defy the High Priestess and try to contact the Warehouse?

DARL:

Us, apparently.

REEF:

(STEPPING UP TO AN ALTAR-LIKE DESK) Look, here it is. I told you. (SLIGHTLY IN AWE:) The Terminal.

DARL:

So it's really true. I never really believed...

REEF:

A direct line to God.

REEF OPERATES KEYBOARD — CLATTERING.

TERMINAL:

(FLICKERY, FAINT) Please place your order.

REEF:

You see, Darl. Anything we want, anything. We just have to ask for it!

LYDEK:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) What a shame you won't live to see it delivered.

DARL:

Oh no...

LYDEK:

(CLAPS HANDS) Assistants! — Seize them!

2 x ACOLYTES RUSH FORWARD FROM OFF TO SEIZE REEF AND DARL.

DARL:

(STRUGGLING) Lydek, High Priestess, please, I can explain...

LYDEK:

Explain? There is nothing to explain. (TO THE ACOLYTES) Bind her.

REEF:

(STRUGGLING) Leave her alone, it's me you want!

LYDEK:

Reef. You have betrayed your position in Customer Service. (TO ONE OF THE OTHER ACOLYTES) Remove his card.

(THERE IS A SCUFFLE AS THE CARD IS TAKEN FROM HIM)

LYDEK:

You were a loyalty card holder, Reef. Only the chosen few were issued with these. You swore upon the Catalogue to uphold our laws. This betrayal cannot go unpunished. Both of you will pay the penalty.

DARL:

But you can't...!

REEF:

Lydek, please! Darl only went along with it for the sake of her family. For her father!

LYDEK:

Then her family will have to survive without her. The law is clear. The Terminal may not be accessed by any but the appointed servant of the Warehouse. I alone can ask for Delivery. The punishment for what you have done is death. Take them away.

REEF AND DARL ARE DRAGGED AWAY.

DARL:

No! High Priestess, forgive me!

REEF:

Lydek, for the love of... (A HAND IS PLACED OVER HIS MOUTH)

LYDEK:

(TO HERSELF) Such a waste. Such... (TAPPING A KEY ON THE KEYBOARD) a... (ANOTHER KEY) waste. (A FINAL KEY TAP.)

TERMINAL:

Transaction cancelled. Awaiting connection... Awaiting connection...

4. INT. WAREHOUSE – BAY E

TARDIS MATERIALISES IN A CAVERNOUS SPACE. RATTLE OF DOOR CATCH AS DOCTOR AND MEL STEP OUT.

MEL:

If this is the Grand Concert Hall of the Megrootii then it's looking a little past its prime.

DOCTOR:

It would appear that we've overshot slightly.

MEL:

So where are we?

DOCTOR:

I'm not entirely sure...

MEL:

It looks like a warehouse of some kind. A very big warehouse. There must be miles of shelves!

DOCTOR:

Miles of shelves and millions of boxes. (FX: CLOSES TARDIS DOOR) Ah well, since we're here, we might as well have a little look round. (HEADING OFF A FEW PACES)

MEL:

(NOT MOVING FROM HER SPOT) Might we. From the looks of it, no one's been here for years. It's dark, dusty and (SNIFFS) something smells decidedly mouldy.

DOCTOR:

Just a quick wander down a few of the aisles, Mel? I'm intrigued.

MEL:

Oh, alright. (WALKING TO JOIN THE DOCTOR) Just as long as we don't miss that concert! You've got me all excited about it now!

THE TWO OF THEM SET OFF, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING. WE STAY WHERE WE ARE, THEIR VOICES RECEDING.

DOCTOR:

A quick recce, nothing more. I promise.

CROSS TO:

5. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

THE DOCTOR AND MEL'S FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE OVER CCTV — THEY'RE BEING WATCHED ON A MONITOR.

'BLUP' OF A WATERCOOLER.

SUPERVISOR:

Interesting... we seem to have intruders in the Warehouse...
(SLURPS WATER) Where did you spring from, I wonder?

MEL:

(CCTV) What are they keeping here? What's it all for?

DOCTOR:

(CCTV) According to the label, these shelves are stacked with...
(READING) biscuits.

CROSS BACK TO:

6. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES [CONTINUOUS]**MEL:**

Who on earth would want this many biscuits? I can't even see the end of the aisle.

DOCTOR:

(CROSSING TO WALL) Ah! This might shed some light on things.

MEL:

(FOLLOWING) Thank goodness, a map!

DOCTOR:

(READING) Bay E. Section seven. "Biscuits, flour and non-perishable baked goods."

MEL:

And look, 'Bays A to Z'. That means there are twenty-five other bays. Each with thousands of different sections!

DOCTOR:

That's an awful lot of biscuits. Bourbons... Ginger snaps...

MEL:

(READING) Hardware, books and periodicals, furniture, electrical components... This place must be enormous!

DOCTOR:

It does seem to be extraordinarily well-stocked.

MEL:

Well you'd think that they'd keep the place a bit cleaner. It's hardly very inviting for shoppers. It's all so gloomy.

DOCTOR:

I think you'll find that the shopping experience has changed a little since your time, Mel. Whenever we are in your future... I presume that practically everything is done online.

MEL:

Online? You mean orders placed by computer?

DOCTOR:

Precisely! The goods are stored in a central location like this and delivered direct to the shoppers' homes as requested. By robotic drone most likely.

MEL:

Really? Even things like books? And food?

DOCTOR:

Books, food, furniture, clothes... Pretty much everything.

MEL:

That's all well and good, but what about the shops on the high street?

DOCTOR:

They'll become something of a novelty, I'm afraid. By the mid-21st century the high street at Pease Pottage will consist solely of one hundred and seventy three different coffee shops..

MEL:

What? But that's awful!

DOCTOR:

I agree. It's almost impossible to get a cup of Earl Grey.

MEL:

That's not what I meant...

DOCTOR:

It's progress, Mel. Like it or not, things change. If we took someone from this time back to the 1980s then they would be equally baffled by the way that you do things. You - more than most people - should appreciate how fast technology evolves...

MEL:

I suppose so. I wonder what the world is like outside of this grubby old warehouse.

DOCTOR:

Well, let's find out. (CROSSING FLOOR; MEL FOLLOWS) That looks like a shuttered window of some kind, wouldn't you say?

MEL:

Hmm. Maybe it should stay shuttered. Look at the warning sign. (READING) 'Shield to be kept closed. Atmospheric seals to be checked regularly.' - 'Atmospheric'?

DOCTOR:

This keypad must raise the shutter...

HE PRESSES A SERIES OF BUTTONS THAT BEEP.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) EMERGENCY INSTRUCTION... EMERGENCY INSTRUCTION
(STUTTERING) ACC-, ACC-... ACCEPTED.

MEL:

WHAT WAS THAT?

DOCTOR:

Some sort of central computer control system, I presume.

OMINOUS CLUNKS, CLICKS FROM SHUTTER.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Instruction accepted... Explosive bolts primed.

DOCTOR:

What?!?

MEL:

Explosive bolts?! – Doctor, what have you done?

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Observation hatch release... Release... Imminent.

DOCTOR:

(FRANTICALLY PRESSING BUTTONS) I was trying to open the shutters, that's all!

MEL:

Well that's not what the computer thinks you've done. Stop it!

DOCTOR:

I'm trying, Mel, I'm trying!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Emergency hatch purge cancelled... Cancelled.

MEL:

Thank goodness for that!

DOCTOR:

Now. Let's try that again, shall we...

KEYPAD BEEPS.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Observation hatch... hatch... hatch. Observation hatch seven... Open... Opening.

MEL:

That computer really doesn't sound very healthy!

HISS OF HYDRAULICS; SHUTTER OPENS.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Observation hatch seven opening.

DOCTOR:

There you are, Mel. I must say, the view is quite spectacular.

MEL:

We're in orbit!

DOCTOR:

It makes sense. Place the warehouse in orbit and robotic drones can deliver to every continent on the planet below.

MEL:

Where are they, then – these robotic drones?

DOCTOR:

Yes, we should be able to see them flying in and out of here like busy little bees. Perhaps it's a bank holiday.

MEL:

Still, at least we've got some light now. It's a proper maze. These shelves really do look like they go on forever!

DOCTOR:

And there's still that smell of decay...

MEL:

Doctor, this is pretty dull. Why don't we get on our way to Megrootii?

DOCTOR:

Just a little while longer, Mel, there's a mystery here, I can feel it. (WALKING) Let's head down this aisle for a bit. See if we can find a section for Jammy Dodgers.

MEL:

(SIGH) Oh, alright then...

SHE FOLLOWS. FADE.

7. INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF WAREHOUSE

JEAN-E AND ANN-E ARE STOCKTAKING – ANN CHECKING ITEMS OFF ON AN ELECTRONIC PAD.

JEAN-E:

Shelf 4573B. Three hundred units.

ANN-E:

(FX: PAD BEEP!) Check.

JEAN-E:

Shelf 4573C. Two hundred and five units.

ANN-E:

(FX: PAD BEEP!) Check.

JEAN-E:

Shelf 4573D...

SUDDEN ALERT FROM ANN'S PAD – DIFFERENT TO CONFIRMATION BEEPS.

ANN-E:

Hang on, Mum.

JEAN-E:

What is it, Ann-E?

ANN-E:

I'm getting a system alert on the Pad. One of the observation windows. It looks like... there was nearly an emergency hatch purge. Should we tell Dad?

JEAN-E:

I wouldn't bother your father with it. You know what he's like when he gets his head down. He's determined to get the stocktake of wafers, crackers and savoury snacks complete by the end of this shift. It's probably just another computer error. (PAUSE) Or vermin...

ANN-E:

Yes. I suppose it could be the vermin...

JEAN-E:

Good girl. Now, where were we? Shelf 4573D...

ANN-E:

(TO HERSELF) But why would the vermin be interfering with one of the observation windows?

8. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES

FX: DOCTOR AND MEL COME TO HALT.

MEL:

That's it. As far as the end of the aisle, you said, and here we are. – There's nothing here, Doctor. Nothing but more aisles, more biscuits and (SNIFFS) that revolting smell!

DOCTOR:

It does seem to be stronger than before. I wonder what could be causing it?

MEL:

Mouldy digestives, probably. Can't we just go back to the TARDIS? Please?

DOCTOR:

Just a minute, Mel. – Down that next aisle. At the far end, see?

MEL:

See what? – Point with your umbrella.

DOCTOR:

There!! – Something glowing. Some sort of phosphorescence..

MEL:

(DESPAIRING) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

I won't be a moment. (DASHES OFF, THEN –)

HARSH METALLIC 'SNAP' OF A TRAP SHUTTING AROUND THE TIP OF THE DOCTOR'S UMBRELLA.

MEL:

(DASHING FORWARD) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

It's alright, just some sort of crude trap on the ground. Intersecting blades with a – (SUDDENLY NOTICING) Look what it's done! It's taken the end off my umbrella!

MEL:

You should be thankful it was only that, and not your leg!

DOCTOR:

Yes, the edges are like razors...

MEL:

Look. The aisle is full of them!

DOCTOR:

Fascinating...

MEL:

Why so many?

DOCTOR:

More importantly, what is it they're designed to catch?

MEL:

Something rather bigger than a mouse.

DOCTOR:

There IS a mystery here, Mel. I knew it. Now, stay close. Step where I step.

MEL:

Don't you worry. I'm very attached to my extremities!

THEY CREEP FORWARD.

MEL:

Urgh! That smell really IS appalling.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Yes, and I rather think this might be the cause.

MEL:

(COUGHING) What on Earth-?

DOCTOR:

Some sort of phosphorescent mould, I think.

MEL:

It's all over the packing crates. – Is it me, or is it glowing brighter the closer we get to it?

DOCTOR:

Yes, it seems to be reacting to our presence...

SUDDENLY, A LOUD SCRATCHING – CLAWS ON METAL – FROM UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR, CLOSE BY.

MEL:

Are you sure it's not the only thing reacting to our presence...?

DOCTOR:

Yes. You know, I think there's something under the floor.

SCRATCHING GETS LOUDER. TEARING METAL.

MEL:

Something trying to get out!

9. INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF WAREHOUSE

ANOTHER ALERT FROM ANN'S PAD.

ANN-E:

Mum, there's another sensor alert. In the under-floor cooling vents.

JEAN-E:

What, in the same section?

ANN-E:

Yes. I really do think we should tell Dad, you know.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

FRED-E:

You really do think that you should tell Dad what?

JEAN-E:

Oh! Fred-E, there you are. There's a problem with the under-floor cooling systems.

FRED-E:

(SIGHS) Bloomin' vermin again!

JEAN-E:

And one of the observation hatches has been triggered.

ANN-E:

Hatch 367.

FRED-E:

Right. Well, obviously my traps in that section are doing no good at all. (SIGHS) We've no choice. We'll have to fumigate.

JEAN-E:

(WORRIED) Again? So soon? You know there's always a risk of contaminating the stock..

FRED-E:

We don't have a lot of choice, Jean-E. If the blighters have got in there, then the stock's all compromised anyway. (SIGHS AGAIN) Vermin!

10. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES

BANG! AS THE SCRATCHY THING UNDER FLOOR TRIES TO PUSH UP THROUGH RENT METAL.

DOCTOR:

Back... something coming to get us from under the floor. Forward... more of these rather nasty traps.

MEL:

Which way? Doctor, we need to make a decision!

CACOPHONY OF CHALK-ON-BLACKBOARD SQUEALING AS THE FLOOR PANEL FINALLY SPLITS AND A LARGE, RAT-LIKE ALIEN CREATURE EMERGES. IT SHRIEK-SQUEALS.

MEL:

(REVOLTED) Doctor, what is it?

DOCTOR:

A rodent species of some description.

MEL:

What kind of rat grows to over a metre long?

DOCTOR:

The kind that tears through metal floors with worryingly sharp teeth and inordinately large claws.

2 x MORE RODENTS BURROWING UP THROUGH METAL.

MEL:

There's more of them! Doctor, they're nearly out!

DOCTOR:

Forward would seem to be our only option.

MEL:

But the traps! Staying here might be a quicker way to go.

DOCTOR:

You're forgetting, Mel – (TAKING BAG OF MARBLES OUT OF POCKET, JUINGLING THEM) – I found my lost marbles, remember?

MEL:

I never forget a thing. But I don't think your marbles will be much of a weapon against those creatures!

DOCTOR:

I'm not proposing to use them against those creatures. I'm proposing to use them thus:

HE THROWS THE MARBLES, SCATTERING THEM ACROSS THE FLOOR AHEAD... TRIGGERING ALL OF THE TRAPS AT ONCE. A CACOPHONY OF SNAPPING!

MEL:

They're triggering the traps. Brilliant!

A FINAL TEARING OF METAL; CLAWS SCRABBLE ONTO FLOOR. SHRIEK-SQUEALS.

DOCTOR:

Our furry friends are free. – Time to join the rat race, Mel.

MEL:

Huh?

DOCTOR:

Run!

THE TWO OF THEM TEAR DOWN AISLE, PURSUED BY SQUEALING RATS.

MEL:

(RUNNING) Do you think we can outrun them?

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) We're not going to try and outrun them. There are security doors at the end of each section, see. If we can close them behind us...

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Aisle two thousand... and seventy... four. Four. Two thousand and seventy four. Sealing.

AHEAD, HISS OF HYDRAULICS AS HEAVY METAL DOOR DESCENDS.

MEL:

(RUNNING TO STOP) Oh, no! That stupid computer's sealed off the section! (ALoud TO THE TANNOY) You were supposed to close it after we'd gone through, metal brains!

DOCTOR:

We're trapped.

SUDDENLY, PURSUING RODENTS PAUSE. QUIZZICAL SQUEALS.

MEL:

Those rat things, they've stopped! Why have they stopped?

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Aisle two thousand and seventy four. Sealed.

RAT CREATURES RETREAT, SQUEALING.

MEL:

Now they're retreating!

DOCTOR:

Yes, they must know what's coming.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Fumigation will commence in... in... in. Twenty seconds.

MEL:

Fumigation. I don't like the sound of that.

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Mel. Help me with this wall panel.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Fifteen seconds.

THEY SCRABBLE TO OPEN A WALL PANEL WITH FINGERS.

DOCTOR:

Try and get your fingers under the edges...

MEL:

It's stuck.

DOCTOR:

Pull harder!

THEY PULL ASIDE METAL COVER. OPEN SPACE BEYOND.

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes! I thought so!

MEL:

A conveyor belt!?

DOCTOR:

Part of the infrastructure! I knew they had to have some way of transporting goods between sections.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Ten... ten seconds. Nine... Eight... Eight... Eight...

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Mel, through the hatch. Whilst that wretched machine is trying to remember how to count!

THE TWO OF THEM CLAMBER THROUGH THE HATCH. CLANG AS IT CLOSES BEHIND THEM. CONTINUES INTO:

11. INT. CONVEYOR BELT [CONTINUOUS]

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Goods transit sys... sys... system. Goods transit system engaged. Auto... Auto packing initiated.

DOCTOR:

Well get on with it then!

CONVEYOR BELT WHIRRS INTO LIFE.

DOCTOR:

Ah-hah! Success!

MEL:

But where will it take us?

DOCTOR:

I've no idea, but it's got to be better than [here.]

WHOOSH! THE CONVEYOR BELT SPEEDS THEM AWAY.

DOCTOR & MEL:

Waaagh!

12. INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF WAREHOUSE

MORE ALERT BEEPS ON ANN'S PAD.

ANN-E:

Dad. Now the auto packing system has come on-line.

FRED-E:

If the blighters have got into that... (PAUSE) Ann-E, do what you can to try and get that wretched computer to divert delivery to here. Then shut it down. Jean-E?

JEAN-E:

Yes?

FRED-E:

Go and get the tasers.

ANN-E:

(PRESSING BUTTONS) I think I've managed to divert the conveyor system.

FRED-E:

Good girl.

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) Would the section manager please contact the Supervisor's office?

FRED-E:

(FRUSTRATED) Oh, not now. I'm busy!

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) Repeat, section manager to contact the Supervisor's office... immediately.

13. INT. CONVEYOR BELT

WHOOSH OF BELT.

MEL:

(PITCHED UP) Doctor, I'm not sure how much longer I'm going to be able to hold on.

DOCTOR:

(PITCHED UP) Hang on, Mel. It's got to start slowing down soon!

WHIRR OF MOTORS STARTING TO WIND DOWN.

DOCTOR:

There. I said so. We're slowing.

MEL:

That was like the worst roller coaster ride ever!

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't know. The Drashig's Tail Ride on Cloraphon Beta is much worse! And I seem to recall that there's a wooden roller coaster on Coney Island...

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Auto pack... packing. Auto packing initiated. Two items... Two items to be crated and sealed.

MORE MACHINERY.

DOCTOR:

Oh no...

MEL:

Doctor, behind you!

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) Aaargh!

MEL:

It's some kind of mechanical arm! Get off, you great big-!

SIMILAR WHIRRS.

MEL:

(GRABBED) Argh! Another one!

DOCTOR:

Let go of us, you wretched machines!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Initiating crating process.

WHIRRS AS DOCTOR AND MEL ARE SHUNTED BY MECHANICAL ARMS INTO CRATES.

DOCTOR:

(SHOVED INTO CRATE) They're putting us into plastic crates!

MEL:

Mind your head, Doctor! There's a lid!

DOCTOR:

What's that, M- [el?]

STAMP OF A LID COMING DOWN, SEALING DOCTOR IN.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Item success... successfully packed. Crating second item.

MEL:

Get off!

ANOTHER LID SLAMS SHUT.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Second item... item... item... packed. Crating complete.

BEAT.

MEL:

(MUFFLED, THROUGH CRATE) Doctor, what's happening?

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) The system is treating us like any other goods shipment. We're being packaged and delivered to the correct shelf in the warehouse. We should be perfectly safe.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Items... items to be... to be...

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Or not to be?

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Items designated: hardware. To be... vacuum sealed.

MEL:

(MUFFLED) Vacuum sealed?

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) The stupid computer doesn't realise we're organic!

HISS OF AIR BEING EXTRACTED.

MEL:

(BANGING ON INSIDE OF CRATE) Doctor!!!

14. INT. FRED-E'S OFFICE

COMMUNICATOR CONNECTING — LIKE A MODERN PHONE RINGING.

SUPERVISOR:

(PHONE DISTORT) Supervisor's office.

FRED-E:

You asked me to call, sir.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Ah. Fred-E, my boy. I see that you've had to fumigate again.

FRED-E:

Yes, sir. We had a vermin problem..

SUPERVISOR:

(D) That's the third time this month.

FRED-E:

Yes, well the traps don't seem to be [working]

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Excuses? You know how I hate excuses.

FRED-E:

Yes, sir. If I could just...

SUPERVISOR:

(D) I do hope that we don't have a problem here, Fred-E. The vermin need to be controlled. You assured me that you could cope with it.

FRED-E:

Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) I would hate to have to replace you. Although, it'd be easily done...

FRED-E:

I assure you that won't be necessary.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Good lad. Now, I have reason to believe that there might be intruders in the Warehouse.

FRED-E:

Intruders? (REALISING) The observation hatch, of course!

SUPERVISOR:

(D) I beg your pardon?

FRED-E:

I have a feeling that we might have just caught your intruders, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) How very industrious of you, my boy. (SUDDENLY HARD)
So find out who they are, find out how they got here, and report back to me.

FRED-E:

At once, sir.

15. INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF WAREHOUSE

WHIRR OF CONVEYOR BELT AS CRATES ARE DELIVERED.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Delivering two... two items. Two items vacuum-sealed.

ANN-E:

Here they come.

JEAN-E:

Vermin in the system, got to be. You know what you've got to do? I'll lift the lids, you stand ready with that taser.

ANN-E:

Mind you don't get bitten.

MACHINERY COMES TO A HALT. BANGING FROM INSIDE CRATES.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Delivery. Delivery complete.

MEL:

(MUFFLED, INSIDE CRATE) Help! Help!!! Doctor, I can't breathe!

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED, INSIDE CRATE) Stay calm, Mel...!

ANN-E:

(ASTONISHED) That's not vermin!

JEAN-E:

What the...?!

ANN-E:

Lift the lid, Mum!

CLICK AS LID RELEASED, SHOVED ASIDE.

DOCTOR:

(FALLS OUT, GASPING) Thank you...

JEAN-E:

Who the blinking [heck-?]

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Introductions later, my friend's suffocating.

ANN-E:

Mum, the other crate!

OTHER LID OPENED.

MEL:
(GASPING)

DOCTOR:
Are you alright, Mel?

MEL:
Well – now I know what a parcel in the post feels like.

DOCTOR:
Not-so-special delivery...

HISS OF A DOOR AS FRED-E ENTERS.

JEAN-E:
Look, who *are* you two? How did you get in here?

DOCTOR:
Are you in charge here?

FRED-E:
(APPROACHING) No. I am.

ANN-E:
Dad! There you are!

DOCTOR:
Very pleased to meet you. I'm the Doctor –

MEL:
... and I'm Melanie.

JEAN-E:
'Melan-E'?

MEL:
Mel for short. We're travellers.

FRED-E:
Fred-E. This is my wife, Jean-E, and my daughter, Ann-E.

ANN-E:
Are you not from the surface?

MEL:
You mean, the planet below?

DOCTOR:
We arrived here by mistake. All of you, listen... you've got bigger things to worry about than us. Bigger and furrier.

JEAN-E:

You mean the vermin.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Quite an infestation. What are they?

FRED-E:

A menace, that's what they are.

MEL:

So it was you set all those traps?

FRED-E:

Clear one nest, another one springs up. They're playing havoc with the stocktake.

MEL:

Surely there can't only be three of you looking after a place this huge?

ANN-E:

No, of course not. We just look after Bay E. There's a family unit for each section.

DOCTOR:

Ah! – So there are twenty-six families, all up here in orbit.

ANN-E:

That's right. We do maintenance, security.. and the stocktake, of course. (SIGHS) Much of it manually, these days.

FRED-E:

We've no choice. Not since the computer system went down.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Your computer does seem to be behaving somewhat erratically!

MEL:

That's an understatement. Downright dangerous if you ask me!

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – perhaps you should do something about fixing it, Mel.

MEL:

Me?

DOCTOR:

You're the computer expert.

MEL:

Yes, but...

DOCTOR:

Then you're just what these people need!

FRED-E:

Well... I'd have to check with the Supervisor...

JEAN-E:

It can't do any harm, Fred-E.

ANN-E:

Please, Dad... If there's any chance that she really can fix it...

FRED-E:

Alright, alright. I'll ask.

LEAVES. HISS OF DOOR CLOSING BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

You also seem to have a curious form of mould growing in the aisles.

JEAN-E:

You haven't touched it, have you?

DOCTOR:

No. Why?

MEL:

Is it dangerous?

JEAN-E:

We're not sure.

ANN-E:

Some of the families think so.

JEAN-E:

(SHUSHING HER) Ann-E... quiet.

16. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

'BLUP' OF WATERCOOLER.

SUPERVISOR:

A computer expert you say?

FRED-E:

(D) So she claims, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

Interesting. (PAUSE) Very well, Fred-E. Let her try.

BEEP OF COMMUNICATOR SHUTTING DOWN.

SUPERVISOR:

At last... (TAKES HUGE GULP OF WATER)

17. INT. THE WAREHOUSE

MEL:

(SOTTO) Doctor! What are you doing volunteering me like that?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) It's convinced them that we're on their side, hasn't it?

MEL:

(SOTTO) And what if I can't fix their computer? I doubt it's going to be like anything from the nineteen-eighties.

HISS OF DOOR AS FRED-E RE-ENTERS.

ANN-E:

Well? What did he say?

FRED-E:

He said yes. You'll need to speak to the manager of Bay G. He has access to the computer room. Plus he finished his stocktake last week.

MEL:

What's in Bay G?

JEAN-E:

Camping, biking, mountaineering. Much less of a problem with vermin.

DOCTOR:

Splendid. Then we should get started.

FRED-E:

Ah, before you go, I should draw you a map.

DOCTOR:

Mel doesn't need a map!

MEL:

From what I remember, it seemed pretty straightforward. We just head down the main aisle, first left, fifth left, second right, third left and straight through Bay F.

DOCTOR:

Memory like an elephant.

JEAN-E:

The thing is... there's a problem with Bay F.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

FRED-E:

The family unit in F. They've... gone rogue.

DOCTOR:

Rogue?

ANN-E:

They've locked their shutters. Won't come out, or let anyone in. Terrified of contagion.

MEL:

Contagion?

FRED-E:

It's the isolation. The endless stocktake... It's taken its toll, that's all. Once the computer is working again...

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Contagion... I wonder...

CROSS TO:

18. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

SUPERVISOR WATCHING VIA CCTV, AS BEFORE.

MEL:

(D) I'd better work out another route, since we can't go through Bay F?

FRED-E:

(D) I'll show you on the map.

SUPERVISOR:

Yes, we don't want you going anywhere near Bay F, do we? – 'Travellers'. I wonder how you came to be here...?

BEEP OF COMMUNICATOR.

SUPERVISOR:

All section managers, check all airlocks for sign of unauthorised docking. Report any unidentified spacecraft to me immediately. Supervisor out.

19. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES [LATER]

FADE UP. ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

MEL:

You know, Doctor – it's odd. I get the feeling that nothing's moved from these shelves in a very long time.

DOCTOR:

My thoughts exactly, Mel. Look at the stock level charts (STOPPING) – here, for example.

MEL:

(REALISING) The same quantities, repeated over and over!

DOCTOR:

I'm not convinced anything ever leaves this warehouse. Just an endless stocktake: day after day, month after month, year after year...

MEL:

No wonder the families are starting to go stir crazy!

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Yes...

MEL:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

There's that glow again – see? (WALKING OVER)

MEL:

(FOLLOWING) More of that mould. – A lot more, actually...

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Yes, and see how it's reacting to our presence again.

MEL:

So it's alive. I mean – properly alive, able to reason in some way.

DOCTOR:

Possibly. I won't know for sure until I get a sample back to the TARDIS for analysis. I need to find a container of some kind. (PASSING UMBRELLA) Hold my umbrella for me, will you?

MEL:

I don't know why you're still hanging onto it. As an umbrella it's pretty much useless, now.

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING OVER SHELVES) Yes, perhaps it is time for a new one.

MEL:

Maybe they'll have one in stock here?

DOCTOR:

Ah! (TAKING TIN FROM SHELF) This looks promising...

MEL:

A tin of shortbread?

DOCTOR:

To put my sample in?

TIN LID REMOVED; RUSTLE OF A WRAPPER.

MEL:

Doctor! You can't keep all that shortbread in your pocket.

DOCTOR:

Waste not, want not, Mel. (PATTING POCKETS) Now. I should have a spoon in here somewhere... (FINDING SPOON) ... a-ha!

MEL:

You and your spoons.

DOCTOR:

(SPOONING MOULD INTO TIN) I'll just take a very small sample... There. (PUTS LID ON)

SIMULTANEOUSLY — DISTANT SQUEALING, SCAMPING 'ALIEN RAT' FEET.

MEL:

(NERVOUSLY) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

I hear it, Mel. The patter of clawed feet.

JOINED BY OTHERS — A WHOLE PACK.

MEL:

The patter of LOTS of clawed feet. And coming this way.

DOCTOR:

Quickly — which way do we need to go?

MEL:

According to Fred-E's map — the direction that those things are coming from.

DOCTOR:

Then we've no choice. We'll have to take the more direct route.

MEL:

Through Bay F?

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

MEL:

And the rogue family unit?

DOCTOR:

Let's worry about them when we get there. Come on!

THEY RACE OFF, PURSUED BY SQUEALING ALIEN RATS.

CROSSFADE TO:

20. INT. BAY F DOOR

DOCTOR & MEL RUN TO HALT. RATS STILL SOME WAY BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

There it is. Bay F.

MEL:

But it's sealed. Doctor, how are we going to get in?

DOCTOR:

You know what they say, Mel, the bigger they are...

MEL:

The harder they are to open?

DOCTOR:

Not when I've still got my spoon. — Let's see now... (BEGINS JABBING DOOR LOCK WITH SPOON)

EXCITED SQUEALING, OFF.

MEL:

There must be hundreds of those things! — Whatever you're trying to do, Doctor, you'd better hurry.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) I am hurrying... This lock is tricky to trip.

MEL:

(PANICKED NOW) Doctor!

COMPUTER:

(OVER) Fire. Door... Door... Fire door opening.

HISS OF HYDRAULICS.

MEL:

I knew you could do it!

DOCTOR:

That wasn't me. It's being opened from the other side.

SQUEALING MUCH CLOSER NOW. DOOR COMES TO A HALT. BEHIND:

FRED-F:

Stand still, both of you.

DOCTOR:

Fred-e? Jean-e? What are you doing here?

MEL:

Why are you armed?

JEAN-F:

Fred, they must be infected.

MEL:

Fred-E, it's us! Melanie and the Doctor...

FRED-F:

I said, stay where you are!

MEL:

But those rat-things behind – they'll be here any second!

FRED-F:

Then we can deal with two problems at once. – Prime the flamethrower, Jean. We'll have to incinerate them.

JEAN-F:

With pleasure.

FLAMETHROWER BURSTS INTO LIFE – WHOMP!

MEL:

No!

DOCTOR:

Wait!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE

MEL:

Fred-E, it's us! Melanie, and the Doctor...

FRED-F:

I said, stay where you are!

MEL:

But those rat-things behind – they'll be here any second!

FRED-F:

Then we can deal with two problems at once. – Prime the flamethrower, Jean. We'll have to incinerate them.

JEAN-F:

With pleasure.

FLAMETHROWER BURSTS INTO LIFE – WHOMP!

MEL:

No!

DOCTOR:

Wait!

CONTINUES INTO:

21. INT. BAY F DOOR

DOCTOR:

Don't be a fool, man. We're not infected!

FOOTSTEPS COME RUNNING UP.

ANN-F:

Dad, stop!

FRED-F:

You keep back, Ann.

ANN-F:

Just look at them. They're not from any of the family units.

FRED-F:

She said that she was a Melan-E.

ANN-F:

There aren't any Melan-Es! They're from outside the Warehouse. They must be here to help.

JEAN-F:

She could be right, Fred. They could be the relief team...

ALIEN RATS NOW VERY CLOSE – SQUEALING TRIUMPHANTLY.

DOCTOR:

You've got to let us in and close this door!

FRED-F:

(MAKING A DECISION) Alright. Inside, both of you.

KEYPAD BUTTONS PRESSED.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Fire... door... door... door...

FRED-F:

Come on, you blasted thing!

MORE BUTTON PRESSING.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Closing... Fire door closing.

HISS OF HYDRAULICS; SQUEALING IS SHUT OUT.

DOCTOR:

(RELIEF) Thank you.

MEL:

Oh, that was too close...

FRED-F:

Right, you two. Who are you?

MEL:

You really don't have the faintest idea who we are, do you?

FRED-F:

I've never seen you either of you before in my life.

DOCTOR:

Whereas Mel and I have very definitely met you, Jeannie and Annie.

ANN-F:

In the previous section?

MEL:

Yes.

ANN-F:

Then that was family unit E. We're unit F. Fred-F, Jean-F..

MEL:

(REALISING) ... and Ann-F!

ANN-F:

Yes, but you can just call me Ann. I never liked F as a surname.

DOCTOR:

You're clones, then – all of you? Fascinating..

MEL:

Doctor, I don't understand.

FRED-F:

It's simple enough. There are twenty-six cloned family units in the Warehouse, one per bay.

MEL:

No, I get that. It's just – Fred-E; the other Fred.. he told us that you Fs had gone rogue!

FRED-F:

(LAUGHS) Really? Well, he would have.

ANN-F:

He's infected, you see.

DOCTOR:

Infected?

ANN-F:

By the mould.

SCRATCHING AND SQUEALING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

JEAN-F:

We should move from here, Fred. They can hear us talking. They're getting stirred up.

FRED-F:

You're right. –

CROSS TO:

22. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

FRED-F:

(CCTV) Come on, you two. We'll continue this in my office.

OVER CCTV: ALL WALK.

SUPERVISOR:

Blast! Of all the Freds in all the Warehouse they had to get captured by that one! (SLURPS WATER, GROTESQUELY...)

23. INT. FRED-F'S OFFICE

HISS OF DOOR OPENING. ALL ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Those rat creatures, Fred-F. Do you have any idea what they are?

FRED-F:

A menace is what they are. Between them and the mould, it's no wonder that we're so behind with the stocktake.

DOOR CLOSES.

MEL:

You all seem obsessed with this stocktake.

ANN-F:

But of course. It's what we were designed to do.

MEL:

Designed?

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFULLY) Yes... That's why you're all clones, isn't it? So that you all work in exactly the same way. All to the same routine.

ANN-F:

(CHEERFULLY) That's right.

MEL:

But what do you do when you're not doing the stocktake?

JEAN-F:

Maintenance. Security. Cleaning up after the mould, and the vermin...

MEL:

No, I mean when you're not working. In your spare time.

FRED-F:

'Spare time'? Do you realise how much work there is to do here? It was bad enough before, but now that we're shut off from the other sections...

DOCTOR:

Yes, why is that? You mentioned a contagion...

FRED-F:

(GETTING AGITATED) The others. They're infected. They're not to be trusted!

JEAN-F:

Gently, Fred... Remember your blood pressure...

FRED-F:

It's the mould. Anyone in prolonged contact with it... changes. It hides inside them, in the brain, growing, controlling... Shut it out, it's the only way!

DOCTOR:

And that's what you've done. Shut it out?

FRED-F:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFULLY) How long have you been on your own in here?

JEAN-F:

It must be well over a year, now...

MEL:

(SHOCKED) A year?

DOCTOR:

Then I think that this has gone on long enough. We saw no sign of any infection. And Fred-E would hardly have sent us to repair the computer if...

FRED-F:

(INTERRUPTING) Repair the computer?

DOCTOR:

Computers are Mel's speciality.

MEL:

Although looking around here... what Fred-E failed to mention is that this section seems to contain everything I'll need to repair it!

ANN-F:

Bay F: electrical hardware and light industrial.

DOCTOR:

Hence the flamethrower...

FRED-F:

(FIRM) No.

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

FRED-F:

I said no! If Fred-E wants you to repair the computer, then he's up to something, he must be...!

ANN-F:

(DESPAIRING) Dad...

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) Would the manager of Bay F please contact the supervisor's office immediately.

JEAN-F:

(WORRIED) Fred...

FRED-F:

That's all I need. (BEAT) Lock these two up.

ANN-F:

Dad, no. This is crazy!

FRED-F:

I said lock them up!

JEAN-F:

Where?

FRED-F:

Aisle four thousand, three hundred and seven, of course! It's got a security cage.

MEL:

A cage?

FRED-F:

For high-value items. I'd say you qualify.

MEL:

Look here, we're trying to help!

JEAN-F:

Come on, you two.

AS THEY'RE BUSTLED AWAY:

DOCTOR:

This is absurd!

FRED-F:

(GRIMLY, TO SELF) Now to see what our beloved Supervisor wants.

24. INT. SECURITY CAGE

FADE UP. MEL RATTLES INSIDE OF MESH CAGE.

MEL:

(SIGHS) Locked up again!

DOCTOR:

An occupational hazard, I'm afraid. Still, at least we won't starve to death. (FX: WRAPPER) Shortbread?

MEL:

Thank you. (BITES, THEN FLINCHES) Gah, it's like rock!

DOCTOR:

It does seem past its best, rather.

MEL:

Great. – What do you think, Doctor? Is there a contagion here, or has Fred-F just gone barmy?

DOCTOR:

The answer to that... is in here. (FX: TAPS TIN)

MEL:

Your tin of mould? Until we can get back to the TARDIS to analyse it – it's not a fat lot of use, is it?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't know, Mel. Look around you.

MEL:

(WEARILY) More shelves.

DOCTOR:

Shelves packed with electrical hardware...

MEL:

'High-value items...' (SUSPICIOUS) What have you got in mind? Something to break us out of this cage?

DOCTOR:

What? And waste an opportunity to learn something about this mould? No. We're going to build ourselves an analysing scanner!

25. INT. FRED-F'S OFFICE

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Fred? Fred-F, my boy, are you there?

FRED-F:

I'm here. What do you want?

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Is that any way to speak to your Supervisor?

FRED-F:

I said, what do you want?

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Very well, if we're dispensing with the social niceties... There are two people, two strangers, that you're holding prisoner.

FRED-F:

I am, yes.

SUPERVISOR:

(D; EXASPERATED) You really are a most tiresome boy. They're here to help! The girl claims to be able to repair the computer. That's what we all want, isn't it? To get things back to normal.

FRED-F:

If you want them to repair the computer... then you're up to something.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Up to something? Fred-F, my dear, you're so suspicious. Now, you really must listen to me. I'm your Supervisor...

FRED-F:

No. No, you're not. Not any more at any rate. You've been infected. Like the rest of them.

SUPERVISOR:

(D; HARDENING) This has gone far enough. Release them!

FRED-F:

No.

SUPERVISOR:

(D) Fred-F, that's an ord—

COMMUNICATOR CUT OFF. DOOR HISSES OPEN.

JEAN-F:

(ENTERING) The strangers are both locked up.

FRED-F:

Good, good.

JEAN-F:

Fred...Are you sure about this? Ann thinks...she thinks we should let the strangers try to help.

FRED-F:

Well, Ann's wrong! They're infected, Jean. All of them. I know it...!

26. INT. SECURITY CAGE

DOCTOR:

(PROUDLY) There, Mel – that's what you get when you cross a video camera with a cholesterol tester, a pair of electronic scales, a laser pointer and a telescope!

MEL:

Yes – one almighty mess. But will it work?

DOCTOR:

Of course it will! Switch on, would you?

DIFFERENT BLEEPS FROM VARIOUS SMALL ITEMS.

MEL:

Well? Does it work?

DOCTOR:

Of course it works! – Look at this, it's fascinating...!

MEL:

Budge up then. (THE DOCTOR GETS OUT OF THE WAY & MEL LOOKS THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER) Hmm. You'll have to tell me what I'm looking at. Computer science is my area, not microbiology.

DOCTOR:

This mould is an incredibly complex organism. And Fred-F was right, it seems to have a structure that would allow it to interface with an animal nervous system. See those little wavy hairs? They help it latch onto animal cells.

MEL:

Delightful. So he's right? The others are infected?

DOCTOR:

Possibly.

MEL:

Doctor – are we safe? With that sample, I mean?

DOCTOR:

It seems inert at the moment. But if we were to stimulate it a little...

CROSS TO:

27. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

MEL:

(CCTV) I'm not so sure that's a good idea...

DOCTOR:

(CCTV) Brave heart, Mel. The more we can learn about this mould, the better. Turn the power up a notch.

MEL:

(CCTV) Well, if you're sure...

OVER CCTV — RISING POWER.

SUPERVISOR:

Ohh, you're clever, you are, Doctor. Too clever by half...!
(GURGLES WATER)

CROSS BACK TO:

28. INT. SECURITY CAGE/AISLES

DOCTOR:

There, see – it's glowing again!

SOFT BUBBLING-CRACKLING FROM MOULD... GROWING STRONGER.

MEL:

(NERVOUSLY) More than just glowing. It seems to be growing.
Take a look!

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING IN THE VIEWFINDER) Yes, it does seem to be reacting to something.

MEL:

Whatever it is that you're doing, it might be time to stop.

DOCTOR:

(STARTING TO PANIC) Turn the power back down. (NOTHING HAPPENS)
Mel!

POWER CUT. CRACKLE CONTINUES.

MEL:

It's not making any difference. It's already twice the size it was!

DOCTOR:

Get back, Mel. Find something to cover your nose and mouth.

MEL:

We've got to get out of here!

ANN-F:

(RUNNING UP, OUTSIDE CAGE) What are you two up to? (SHOCKED)
What have you done with the stock?

DOCTOR:

Ah, Ann-F! I wonder, could you open this cage?

ANN-F:

Those items had all been counted. We'll have to start all over
– (NOTICING) Is that mould? It is!

MEL:

(FRANTIC) Open the cage!

KEYPAD BEEP. RATTLE AS CAGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

ANN-F:

Both of you, out! Quickly!

DOCTOR AND MEL SCRAMBLE OUT. ANN PULLS CAGE DOOR SHUT.

DOCTOR:

The cage won't hold it! Is there any way to seal off this aisle?

ANN-F:

I can try.

MEL:

Run!

AS THEY RUN:

ANN-F:

What were you doing in there?

DOCTOR:

Trying to find out a bit more about this mysterious mould.

MEL:

It looked alive, like it was trying to reach out!

DOCTOR:

Rather unusual behaviour for a mould, wouldn't you say?

ANN-F:

(RUNNING TO HALT) Here we are.

KEYPAD BEEPS.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Activating muzak system for heightened productivity.

ANNOYING JOLLY MUSIC PIPED OVER TANNOY.

MEL:

That wretched computer of yours. Does it EVER work properly?

ANN-F:

(MASHING KEYPAD) Come on you stupid thing!

MUZAK CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Aisle... aisle... aisle door closing...

HISS OF HYDRAULICS; DOOR SLAMS DOWN.

MEL:

Thank goodness!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Aisle four... four thousand three hundred and seven sealed. Fumigating now.

ANN-F:

We should get away from here. Dad's bound to come and investigate that fumigation. If he finds out that you brought a sample of mould in here...

THEY SET OFF DOWN AISLE.

DOCTOR:

You think your father's wrong – don't you, Ann-F? About the others being infected...?

ANN-F:

He's been under so much pressure, what with the mould... the vermin... the computer problems...

MEL:

Then let us help you. Get us out of here so we can fix the computer!

DOCTOR:

Ann – if vital systems like life support were to fail...

ANN-F:

I know. (STOPS) Yes. Yes, alright.

DOCTOR:

Splendid! Then perhaps you could show us the way to Bay G?

ANN-F:

Follow me.

FOOTSTEPS AWAY.

29. INT. FRED-F'S OFFICE

SMALL ALARM.

JEAN-F:

Fred... There's a fumigation alert.

FRED-F:

Where?

JEAN-F:

Um... Aisle four thousand, three hundred and seven.

FRED-F:

The strangers! (A THOUGHT) Where's Ann?

JEAN-F:

She said she was going to carry on with the stocktake.

FRED-F:

A likely story! The little idiot, she's let them out!

30. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES

FADE UP: DOCTOR, MEL, ANN-F WALK TO STOP.

ANN-F:

Straight down here, there's the entrance to Bay G.

DOCTOR:

Excellent! – Off you go, Mel.

MEL:

What? On my own?

DOCTOR:

You're more than capable. With luck Fred-E will have informed his clone in Bay G that you're coming. See what you can do with that computer.

MEL:

Why? Where are you going?

DOCTOR:

I have an urge to take a quick trip down to the planet below.

MEL:

What on Earth for?

DOCTOR:

I want to find out why there's been no contact with them. Why these poor people have been abandoned in orbit.

MEL:

By abandoning me in orbit, too!

DOCTOR:

We have to find out what's going on here, Mel. Splitting up will get the job done quicker.

MEL:

Alright, Doctor. If you're sure.

DOCTOR:

Just... be careful, Mel.

MEL:

(HEADING OFF) Don't worry, I will.

DOCTOR:

Now then, Ann-F. I need you to take me back to my TARDIS.

ANN-F:

TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

My spacecraft. I left it in aisle two thousand and seventy, I believe. Among the biscuits.

ANN-F:

But that's in...

DOCTOR:

Bay E, yes.

ANN-F:

But the infection...

DOCTOR:

Hiding away here in Bay F, like your father, isn't going to help this situation, Ann.

ANN-F:

No. No, it won't. (BEAT) Alright. I'll take you back to your spacecraft...

DOCTOR:

Excellent!

ANN-F:

... on one condition. You take me down to the planet with you.

31. INT. SECURITY AISLE

FRED AND JEAN WALK TO STOP.

FRED-F:

Computer. Unseal the security aisle.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Unable to comply. Few- Few- Fumigation in progress.

FRED-F:

Blast. Check the monitor, Jean. Can you see the strangers.

JEAN-F:

Not through the gas... (SURPRISE) Oh!

FRED-F:

What is it?

JEAN-F:

The security log, Fred. It's showing Ann-F's ident...

FRED-F:

(ANGRY) I knew it! She's let them go!

JEAN-F:

Fred, I know you're angry, but...

FRED-F:

(INTERRUPTING) She'll be leading them to Bay G. (RUSHING OFF)
Come on. We've got to stop them!

JEAN-F:

(FOLLOWING) Fred! Fred...!

32. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING) Come on in, Ann-F. Welcome to the TARDIS.

AS HE CROSSES TO CONSOLE:

ANN-F:

I don't believe it... It's...

DOCTOR:

Good, isn't it?

DOORS CLOSE.

DOCTOR:

(PRESSING CONTROLS) Now for one of those tricky short hops...

ENGINES GRIND AS TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

33. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES

MEL WALKING ALONG.

MEL:

(TO HERSELF) I don't know why I put up with it. He promises to take me to a concert, and I end up wandering around a dark, musty old warehouse floating in space, avoiding giant rat creatures and glowing mould..

DISTANT RUNNING FEET.

JEAN-F:

(DISTANT) There's the woman! Fred! Fred!

FRED-F:

(DISTANT) Stop her!

MEL:

Oh, no...! (STARTS TO RUN)

CROSS TO:

34. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

VIA CCTV: FRED-F & JEAN-F RUNNING.

FRED-F:

(CCTV) Quickly, we can't let her get to Bay G!

SUPERVISOR:

Dear me, no, Fred-F. We're not going to have our little friend stopped now. Not when she's this close.

BUTTON FLICKED.

SUPERVISOR:

(INTO MIC) Would the manager of Bay G please contact the Supervisor's office immediately.

35. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY

FADE UP: JUNGLE. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENED.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) It's a jungle!

ANN-F:

(ASTONISHED) It's beautiful.

DOOR CLOSED.

DOCTOR:

True. But it's not quite what I was expecting.

ANN-F:

I used to look out of the observation hatches and wonder what it was like down here...

DOCTOR:

And there she is, glinting in the stratosphere. The Warehouse.

ANN-F:

It looks like a huge halo.

DOCTOR:

It does, rather. The trouble is: if the Warehouse is in a geostationary orbit directly above us, then we should be standing in a thriving metropolis.

ANN-F:

So what's happened?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. Come on – there's a path through the trees. Let's see what we can find...

THEY HEAD OFF THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.

36. INT. BAY G DOOR

MEL RUNS TO STOP.

JEAN-F:

(OFF - DISTANT) There she is!

MEL:

(BREATHLESS) Bay G, at last. (CALLING) Hello? Hello?! (TO SELF) You'd better be right about our being expected, Doctor, because I've no idea how to get this door open other[wise]

HISS OF HYDRAULICS; DOOR OPENS.

FRED-G:

Melan-E?

MEL:

That's me!

FRED-G:

Come in! Hurry!

HYDRAULICS AS DOOR BEGINS TO CLOSE, SHUTTING OUT:

JEAN-F:

(OFF) [Noooo!]

MEL:

Thank you - Fred-G, I presume?

FRED-G:

Indeed. I hear you've come to fix our computer?

37. EXT. JUNGLE

PARTED UNDERGROWTH.

DOCTOR:

Ann, come and look at this.

ANN-F:

Is that – a building, in the distance?

DOCTOR:

An overgrown building, certainly. There's another, see? And another, and another. And if I'm not much mistaken, these mounds all around us...

PULLING CREEPERS AND LEAVES ASIDE.

DOCTOR:

Yes, as I thought. The rusted remains of motor vehicles.

ANN-F:

This used to be a city!

DOCTOR:

Undoubtedly.

ANN-F:

But – where are all the people? What happened to them?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. Something terrible, perhaps.

ANN-F:

But what?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure... but whatever it was, it wasn't recent. (BEAT)
You've been up there in orbit a long time, haven't you?

ANN-F:

We clones were designed to be long-lived. We tend to lose track of the years.

DOCTOR:

I know the feeling. But it doesn't explain why you were left up there with no contact.
(BEAT) Come on.

ANN-F:

Where are we going?

DOCTOR:

Well – if there are buildings, they might contain records of some kind. The third structure along would seem to have some of the stern facelessness of officialdom. Let's start there.

38. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

DOOR HISSES. CHIRPY, TWINKLY 'COMPUTERY' FX.

FRED-G:

This is it, Mel:

JEAN-G:

The computer room.

ANN-G:

Good luck!

MEL:

Thanks, Ann-G. I'll need it. (STEPPING IN) What a mess!

FRED-G:

What do you make of it?

MEL:

(INSPECTING) The terminal itself seems to be intact, but the main body of the thing looks like it's been ripped open. What on Earth happened to it?

JEAN-G:

Vermin.

MEL:

(INCREDULOUS) Those rat creatures? But why would they want to attack a computer?

FRED-G:

We don't know.

JEAN-G:

We think they got in through the cable ducting. The first we found out about it was when we realised the stocktake software wasn't working.

ANN-G:

Do you think you can fix it?

MEL:

I have absolutely no idea. - Computer, are your diagnostic systems working?

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Water... Watercooler temperature adjusting.

'BLUP' OF A NEARBY WATERCOOLER.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Please... Please enjoy your drink.

MEL:

I'll take that as a 'no'. Well – I'll just have to roll my sleeves up, I suppose. (BEAT) Can one of you find me a toolkit...?

39. INT. RUINED BUILDING

ECHOING AND EMPTY; JUNGLE NOISES FROM OUTSIDE. DOCTOR AND ANN-F RUMMAGING AROUND, OVERTURNING OBJECTS.

ANN-F:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Doctor, this is useless! Whatever used to be here has rotted or rusted. We're never going to learn anything!

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't be too sure about that, Ann-F.

ANN-F:

Why? Have you found something?

DOCTOR:

That symbol, hidden behind vines on the far wall. Three crescents, clustered together...

ANN-F:

A biohazard symbol!

DOCTOR:

That, and the yellow ribbons over every interior doorway. The black print's long faded, of course, but all told, it's indicative of disease. A viral outbreak of some kind. Perhaps this was a hospital...?

ANN-E:

Oh no...

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Of course! That's why the Warehouse is in orbit! They must have been trying to stockpile supplies away from the contamination...

ANN-F:

They're dead, aren't they? Everyone's dead. We're up there all alone.

40. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

EFFORT AS MEL EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM INNARDS OF COMPUTER.

MEL:

That's better. It's a bit of squeeze inside that machine, even for me...!

FRED-G:

But have you fixed it? The computer?

MEL:

Give a girl a chance, Fred-G. It's quite a mess in there...

JEAN-G:

But it can be fixed, that's what you're saying?

MEL:

Yes, I think so. But before I can do anything, I need to get some key systems back on-line.

CLATTER OF KEYBOARD.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Computer... computer... computer...

ANN-G:

(LAUGHS) Doesn't sound much better to me.

MEL:

No... but I know what the Doctor would do in this situation.
(EFFORT AS...)

MEL THUMPS SIDE OF COMPUTER.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) (NB: FROM NOW ON ITS VOICE SOUNDS PERFECT) Computer online. Running diagnostic program.

ANN-G:

You did it!

MEL:

When all else fails, Ann-G - thump it. (BEAT) You know, it's very odd.

FRED-G:

What is?

MEL:

You said that the damage was caused by the rats, the vermin?

FRED-G:

That's right.

MEL:

Then you've either been incredibly fortunate, or those rat things are a lot smarter than they seem.

JEAN-G:

How do you mean?

MEL:

All the damage they caused was to non-essential systems. Nothing important.

FRED-G:

(BRISTLING) I think that you'll find that the stocktake is extremely [important!]

MEL:

I mean, there's no damage to any part of the computer that handles vital services. Life support, gravity compensators, internal heating, lighting – they're all fine. It's as if they went out of their way to avoid [everything-]

CHATTERING TICKERTAPE.

MEL:

Ah, that'll be the first part of the diagnostic!

TEARS TAPE. RUSTLING PAPER. BEAT.

MEL:

Wait a minute... this can't be right.

JEAN-G:

What can't?

MEL:

Hang on a minute, let me just check...

CLATTER OF KEYBOARD.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Running diagnostic on internal chronometer. Checking. Diagnostic complete. There is no fault with this system.

MEL:

(SHOCKED) I don't believe it.

JEAN-G:

What is it?

MEL:

According to this readout, you've all been doing your stocktake for over three hundred and fifty years!

41. EXT. JUNGLE

JUNGLE NOISES. DOCTOR AND ANN-F WALKING.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid there's little more to be learned here, Ann-F.

ANN-F:

Hold on. Doctor – did we come this way earlier...?

DOCTOR:

No, I don't believe we did.

ANN-F:

So who made those footprints, on the path ahead?

DOCTOR:

Good question, Ann-F. Here's another: who made the path? – A path leading up to a particular long, low structure..

ANN-F:

See? There ARE still people alive here! (DASHING OFF) Come on!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Ann, slow down!

CROSSFADE TO:

42. INT. TEMPLE

SWING DOORS PUSHED OPEN, AS BEFORE.

ANN-F:

(DISAPPOINTED) There's no one here.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP BEHIND) Good. That means that we have time to work out how we're going to introduce ourselves properly.

ANN-F:

What was this place, do you suppose?

DOCTOR:

Once? The loading bay of a superstore, perhaps. Judging by the way that altar has been garlanded with flowers, now it's become some kind of temple. Only instead of an idol on the altar..

ANN-F:

... it's a computer terminal.

THEY RUSH FORWARD TO ALTAR.

ANN-F:

Doctor - it's exactly the same as the terminals in the Warehouse. That can't be a coincidence!

DOCTOR TAPS AT KEYBOARD.

TERMINAL:

(FLICKERY, FAINT) Please... place your order.

ANN-F:

It's still working!

DOCTOR:

Solar cells keep the terminal going. But with the communications gone, it can't connect to the Warehouse mainframe. (TURNING) I might have something back in the TARDIS to... (SEES SOMETHING) Oh.

ANN-F:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Turn around.

ANN-F:

(TURNING) What is it?

DOCTOR:

Above the door. The mural.

ANN-F:

That's the Warehouse!

DOCTOR:

And hanging in space above the Warehouse, is...?

ANN-F:

No! But that's...!

DOCTOR:

Not quite Michelangelo, perhaps, but I think the likenesses are rather good, don't you? Fred, Jean... and yourself, Ann. All giant size.

ANN-F:

But if this place is a temple of some kind..

DOCTOR:

Then you and your clone family are being revered as deities.

43. INT. COMPUTER ROOM**MEL:**

Three hundred and fifty years, that's impossible!

FRED-G:

Not really. We clones come with a five-hundred-year guarantee.

MEL:

And all you've done in all that time is stocktake?!

ANN-G:

Well, yes. It's what we were designed to do.

MEL:

You said. Don't you ever get bored, you Gs? Don't you wish that you had a life beyond this?

JEAN-G:

Doing what?

MEL:

I don't know. Reading books? Watching films? Interacting with other family units?

ANN-G:

But we're not programmed for that.

JEAN-G:

You feel sorry for us, because you think we have desires like yours. But we don't, and that's that.

MEL:

It's horrible. Cruel and horrible.

ANN-G:

Do you think asking that computer to run a system diagnostic is horrible? Or to ask it open a door, or turn on a light?

MEL:

But that's completely different!

ANN-G:

Isn't it just a matter of perspective? It's a machine designed to do a job of work.

FRED-G:

Exactly. We clones – we're just organic machines, designed for one purpose.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Movement detected. Section nine. Aisle eight thousand and thirty three. Damage to coolant pipes.

FRED-G:

Blasted vermin again! Come on, Jean. (TO MEL) Look, Melan-E: if you really want to help us, you just carry on with those repairs.

MEL:

But –

FRED & JEAN EXIT. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

ANN-G:

You really don't have to worry about us, Mel. We're perfectly happy – Mum, Dad and me.

MEL:

But only because you're programmed not to notice that you're un-happy. (BEAT) Well – if fixing this computer will help, then that's what I'm going to do. Come on, let's see if we can get some this wiring back into some kind of order...

44. INT. TEMPLE

DOCTOR:

Over here, Ann-F – take a look at this.

ANN-F:

(WALKING OVER) What is it?

DOCTOR:

Writing on the pillars either side of the mural.

ANN-F:

(READING) "Deliver unto us bread and meat... Deliver unto us warm clothing... Deliver unto us weapons for the hunt..." What is it, a prayer of some kind?

DOCTOR:

Not a prayer. A list.

ANN-F:

A list?

DOCTOR:

A shopping list. Every line on these pillars is an order, placed with the Gods – placed with you, Fred and Jean!

ANN-F:

Stop it Doctor! We're not Gods!

DOCTOR:

To the people who built this temple you are. Hanging in the skies, with a warehouseful of unimaginable bounty...

ANN-F:

You mean – they worship us?

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) A cargo cult.

ANN-F:

A what?

DOCTOR:

It's a cargo cult. I saw something similar on the planet Earth, in the early twentieth century. The inhabitants of the Melanesian islands came to believe that ritualistic acts would bring them material wealth.

ANN-F:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

The Melanesian islanders were first-hand witnesses to a war fought by two great technological nations. When they saw cargo planes delivering food and equipment to the troops, they thought the gods were delivering wealth from the sky – and began worshipping them in the hope that they, too, would be blessed with supplies.

ANN-F:

And you think that's what has happened here?

DOCTOR:

It would make sense. Everything that this society needs to repair itself has been hanging in plain sight for hundreds of years. But all their attempts to communicate have failed.

ANN-F:

So if Mel repairs the computer...

DOCTOR:

Then I guess that this terminal, and hundreds of others like it, will start working again, and the drones will start delivering.

ANN-F:

So let's get back to the Warehouse, and help Mel!

DOCTOR:

It's not as simple as that. From the look of this place, hundreds of years have gone by. The survivors started out civilised, but in the intervening centuries – well, who knows how low they might have s-[unk] (TRAILING OFF) Ah.

SIMULTANEOUSLY: 4 x ACOLYTES APPROACHING FROM OUTSIDE, HAULING LYDEK INTO THE TEMPLE. WE CANT YET HEAR CLEARLY WHAT THEY'RE CHANTING, BUT IT GOES LIKE THIS:

4 X ACOLYTES:

(CHANTING) Danger, vehicle reversing. Danger, vehicle reversing. [ETC]

ANN-F:

(EXCITED) Survivors!

DOCTOR:

Approaching the Temple. Quick, behind the pillars!

ANN-F:

Shouldn't we introduce ourselves?

DOCTOR:

(IMPATIENT) And what will you tell them, Ann-F? 'Hello, I'm one of the Gods you've been worshipping. Sorry we've been ignoring you all these centuries, but we thought we'd just drop by to see how you're doing?'

ANN-F:

Yes, you might have a point.

DOCTOR:

Besides, look at where we are. In my experience - which is painfully extensive - the faithful tend to get a bit touchy when you intrude upon their holy of holies without permission. Now ssh!

SWING DOORS CRASH OPEN. ACOLYTES GRUNT WITH EFFORT AS THEY PULL LYDEK INTO THE TEMPLE ON TOP OF A CAR CHASSIS. NOW WE HEAR THEIR CHANT CLEARLY:

4 X ACOLYTES:

(CHANTING) Danger, vehicle reversing. Danger, vehicle reversing. [ETC]

DOORS SWING SHUT.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Fascinating.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) What is it they're bringing that woman in on?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) The remains of a goods vehicle of some kind. Four acolytes pulling a four by four.

CHANTING STOPS AS LYDEK IS SET DOWN.

LYDEK:

Loyal Service Assistants, we are gathered once again to beg the Gods for Delivery! To fill the sky with the soft drone of angels!

45. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COMPUTERY NOISES.

MEL:

(CURSING) Oh, rats!

ANN-G:

(ALARMED) Vermin? Here!

MEL:

No, Ann-G — that's not what I meant. Sorry. Not the best choice of curse, in the circumstances.

ANN-G:

Well, what's wrong?

MEL:

This logic board, that's what's wrong.

ANN-G:

It's broken?

MEL:

Completely. Most of the other damage can be repaired, but there's nothing I can do with this. It's going to have to be completely replaced.

ANN-G:

There must be a spare, somewhere in the Warehouse.

MEL:

Oh, I'm sure there is.

ANN-G:

Well then, what's the problem?

MEL:

All the computer spares... They're in Bay F.

46. INT. TEMPLE

ACOLYTE #1:

Stop the ceremony!

LYDEK:

You forget yourself, Acolyte!

ACOLYTE #1:

High Priestess. There has been a blasphemy!

LYDEK:

Explain!

ACOLYTE #1:

The terminal has been disturbed. Someone has tried to send a request...

LYDEK:

(CROSSING TO THE ACOLYTE; SHOCKED) Another blasphemy! Will these heresies never cease? - When?

KEYBOARD CLATTER.

TERMINAL:

Please... place your order.

ACOLYTE #1:

Within the last few minutes.

LYDEK:

Then the blasphemers could still be somewhere inside the temple. Seal the exits! Spread out, Service Assistants, and find them!

4 x ACOLYTES SPREAD OUT - SEARCHING, TURNING OVER BOXES ETC.
CROSS TO DOCTOR AND ANN, HIDING BEHIND PILLAR.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Doctor, they'll find us any second.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I know. Stay here, Ann-F.

ANN-F:

(WH) What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Talk to them. Try to explain.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) They've got spears!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Stay here. (STEPS OUT FROM HIDING, COUGHS LOUDLY) Good afternoon.

ACOLYTE #1:

Priestess! A blasphemer!

LYDEK:

Seize him!

ACOLYTES RUSH FORWARD TO GRAB DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Alright, alright. (GRABBED) There's no need to be so heavy-handed.

LYDEK:

(APPROACHING) I do not know you. Who are you?

DOCTOR:

A traveller. My name's the Doctor. I'm here to help.

LYDEK:

Did you defile the terminal?

DOCTOR:

I was seeing if I could establish a link with the Warehouse.

LYDEK:

(SHOCKED) So you freely admit your guilt!

DOCTOR:

If you would just let me explain...

LYDEK:

What is there to explain? You are a stranger who has defiled our temple. Service Assistants – raise your spears! And put this blasphemer to death!

DOCTOR:

What-? No!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE

LYDEK:

Did you defile the terminal?

DOCTOR:

I was seeing if I could establish a link with the Warehouse.

LYDEK:

(SHOCKED) So you freely admit your guilt!

DOCTOR:

If you would just let me explain...

LYDEK:

What is there to explain? You are a stranger who has defiled our temple. Service Assistants – raise your spears! And put this blasphemer to death!

DOCTOR:

What-? No!

CONTINUES INTO:

47. INT. TEMPLE

LYDEK:

Let this stranger's death be pleasing to the Gods, and deliver wealth to their devoted [servants.]

ANN-F:

(STEPPING OUT FROM BEHIND PILLAR) Stop! Let him go!

4 x ACOLYTES:

(GASPS OF AWE)

LYDEK:

At last... The Gods walk amongst us!

DOCTOR:

Now that's really put the cat among the pigeons...

48. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COMPUTERY SOUNDS IN B/G.

MEL:

So, Fred-G. What do you reckon?

FRED-G:

A raid? On Bay F? I don't know...

JEAN-G:

Is it really necessary?

MEL:

If you want me to repair that computer it is. (SIGHS) Why the computer spares weren't put in the same section as the computer itself, I'll never know.

ANN-G:

I doubt anyone ever considered the possibility of family units not co-operating.

MEL:

I suppose it is a bit like arguing with yourself..

JEAN-G:

But how are we going to get in there?

MEL:

We need a distraction of some kind. Something to keep the Fs occupied long enough for us to sneak in and get hold of the logic board I need.

ANN-G:

What kind of distraction?

MEL:

I don't know! I was rather hoping you'd be able to suggest something.

FRED-G:

The fumigation system. (BEAT) We should be able to override the safety cut-out and channel the gas into their section.

MEL:

I wouldn't want anyone to get hurt.

FRED-G:

They won't. The Fs have got gas masks. Besides, now you've got some of the computer working, I should be able to get it to reduce the concentration of the gas to a less harmful level.

JEAN-G:

You won't have long to get in and out though. He's a smart one, Fred-F – it won't take him long to work out what you're up to.

MEL:

Right. How will I know which aisle to look for?

ANN-G:

I can show you.

JEAN-G:

No, Ann.

ANN-G:

I want to help! You know I'm good with stock location.

JEAN-G:

(FIRM) I said no! If anyone's going, it's going to be me. It's about time we all pulled together and did something.

MEL:

Well said, Jean-G. Right, then. Let's get cracking!

49. INT. TEMPLE

ACOLYTES MURMUR DEVOTEDLY:

ACOLYTE #1:
She has come...

ACOLYTE #2:
Saint Ann. As it was foretold.

ACOLYTE #1:
The delivery will begin...

ACOLYTE #2:
The sky shall be filled with angels...

OVER THIS:

DOCTOR:
I thought I told you to stay hidden!

ANN-F:
The way that things were going, I didn't think that I had any other choice.

DOCTOR:
I had hoped that I could introduce you in a slightly less dramatic way!

ANN-F:
So, what do you think we should do now?

DOCTOR:
Well, given that you now seem to be revered... let's see if we can use that to our advantage, shall we? (TO LYDEK) Excuse me – High Priestess?

MURMURING ACOLYTES GO SILENT.

LYDEK:
(HESITANT) Are – are you truly from the Warehouse?

DOCTOR:
We are.

LYDEK:
And is it true that the shelves are lined with riches?

DOCTOR:
Well, it's not short of biscuits, but they may not do your teeth any favours. – What's your name?

LYDEK:

I am Lydek. High Priestess of the Terminal.

DOCTOR:

And you recognise this girl?

LYDEK:

Of course. Everyone knows Saint Ann, youngest of the benefactors. Have you finally come to deliver us the wealth we need?

ANN-F:

Er...

DOCTOR:

A few more questions first, about the past. About the history of your, er, tribe?

LYDEK:

Saint Ann – is this man a prophet? Does he speak with your authority? If not, I can easily have him put to death.

ANN-F:

No, no! It's fine. He has my authority. Tell him what he wants to know.

LYDEK:

Very well. (TO ACOLYTES) Service assistants! Loyalty card holders!

ACOLYTES #1 & #2:

Yes, High Priestess?

LYDEK:

Go outside the Temple and guard the doors. Admit no-one. I must speak to the Gods alone.

ACOLYTES #1 & #2:

Yes, High Priestess!

ACOLYTES EXIT. DOORS SWING SHUT. OVER THIS:

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) You know, I could get used to being treated as a God!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Well, don't. It rarely ends well.

LYDEK:

Saint Ann, and her prophet – follow me.

ALL FOLLOW A FEW STEPS ACROSS THE TEMPLE.

DOCTOR:

Where are you taking us?

LYDEK:

These hangings conceal a secret known to only a few.

LARGE CURTAIN BEING PULLED ASIDE.

ANN-F:

A blastproof door!

DOCTOR:

No, not blastproof. Look at the seals at the edges. It's an anti-contamination door. There must be some kind of bunker beneath us.

LYDEK:

It is the entrance to the underworld.

ANN-F:

The what?

CLUNKS AND CLANGS AS BOLTS AND CATCHES ARE UNDONE. DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

LYDEK:

To the catacombs. Follow me - and I will show you what you want to know.

50. INT. OUTSIDE BAY F

(THEY TALK IN HUSHED TONES)

MEL:

Right. There's the door to Bay F. Is everyone ready?

ANN-G: / FRED-G: / JEAN-G:

(MURMUR ASSENT) Yes, Ready.

MEL:

As soon as Fred starts the fumigation, you open the door, Ann..

JEAN-G:

And we run in.

MEL:

As fast as we can. Are you sure you know which aisle we're heading for, Jean-G?

JEAN-G:

Positive.

MEL:

(DEEP BREATH) Right, gas-masks on.

MEL AND JEAN PULL ON GAS MASKS, WHICH MUFFLES THEIR VOICES SLIGHTLY FROM NOW UNTIL THEY ARE REMOVED.

MEL:

(MASK) Ready when you are, Fred.

FRED PRESSES AT A KEYBOARD.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Fumigation systems online. Fumigating Bay F.

DISTANT HISS OF GAS [BEHIND DOOR].

FRED-G:

Now, Ann!

KEYPAD. HISS OF HYDRAULICS.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Fire door to Bay F opening.

ANN-G:

Go!

MEL:

(MASK) Come on, Jean - run!

THEY RUN INTO:

51. INT. BAY F [CONTINUOUS]

HISS OF GAS. MEL AND JEAN RUN TO HALT.

MEL:

(MASK) Which way?

JEAN-G:

(MASK) Down here!

MEL:

(MASK) Are you sure? I can't see a thing through this gas!

JEAN-G:

(MASK) Yes! Hurry!

FOLLOW AS THEY RUN.

JEAN-G:

(MASK) We take this aisle all the way to the end, then turn left.

MEL:

(MASK) Jean, wait. (THEY STOP) There's something moving, down the aisle ahead!

FRED-F:

(OFF, COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING) Jean? Is that you?

JEAN-G:

(MASK - SOTTO) It's Fred-F. What are we going to do?

MEL:

(MASK - SOTTO) You'll have to bluff it.

JEAN-G:

(MASK - SOTTO) What?

MEL:

(MASK - SOTTO) You're a clone, aren't you? Pretend that you're his Jean!

CROSS CLOSE TO FRED-F.

FRED-F:

(COUGHING) Who's that?

JEAN-G:

(APPROACHING, MASK) It's me, Fred. Only me.

FRED-F:

(COUGHING) Jean? (COUGHS) Blasted computer must have malfunctioned... Hey, where'd you get your mask from? I thought you said the filters needed changing.

JEAN:

(MASK) I, er...

FRED-F:

(REALISATION) Wait a minute...! You're not Jean-F, you're -

MEL:

(OFF, MASK) Run for it, Jean!

JEAN RUNS, FOLLOWED BY MEL.

FRED-F:

That Melan-E woman! - This is your doing, isn't it?! Come back here! (MORE COUGHING)

52. INT. BUNKER — PASSAGE

FOOTSTEPS ECHOING AS DOCTOR AND ANN-F FOLLOW LYDEK.

ANN-F:

(ASIDE) Those stairs seemed to go on forever. How deep do you think we are?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Hard to say. It looks to me like these tunnels used to be part of a transit system of some kind.

ANN-F:

(ASIDE) Converted into a shelter?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Yes, and sealed off from the infection outside.

ANN-F:

(ASIDE) So they were stuck down here, in the dark...

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Until the infection burned itself out, perhaps.

ANN-F:

(ASIDE) But these tunnels can only have sheltered a few hundred survivors. What about everyone else?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I don't know. (STOPPING; ALOUD) Lydek, are there other tunnels like these? Other temples?

LYDEK:

The oracle will tell you everything you need to know.

DOCTOR:

Oracle?

53. INT. BAY F SHELVES

MEL AND JEAN COME TO A HALT, BREATHING HEAVILY.

MEL:

(MASK) It's alright, Fred-F's not following. I think we lost him.

JEAN-G:

(MASK) I think we lost us too.

MEL:

(MASK) Jean, you said that you knew your way around these shelves!

JEAN-G:

(MASK) I just need to re-orientate myself. Give me a moment.

MEL:

(MASK) Do you think it's safe to take these masks off?

JEAN-G:

(MASK) Yes. Even if some of the gas drifted this far, it should have dispersed by now.

THEY REMOVE GAS MASKS.

MEL:

Oh, that's miles [better] -

SIMULTANEOUSLY: RAT SCRATCHING FROM UNDER FLOOR, CONTINUING UNDER:

JEAN-G:

Ssh! Do you hear that?

MEL:

Yes, I think the fumigation must have stirred things with our verminous friends. Do you know where we are now?

JEAN-G:

Yes... yes. Section 478. We need to go this way.

MEL:

I hope you're right. Come on!

THEY RACE OFF.

54. INT. ORACLE ROOM

A SMALL, CONTAINED CHAMBER. HATCH CLANGS OPEN. LYDEK LEADS DOCTOR & ANN-F IN.

LYDEK:

Behold, the Oracle!

ANN-F:

(SLIGHTLY LET DOWN) There's no-one here.

DOCTOR:

(CROSSING FLOOR QUICKLY, WITH ANN-F) Of course! An experiential memory bank.

ANN-F:

A what?

DOCTOR:

This society has, or rather had, a clone-based workforce system, Ann; you, Fred and Jean are the living proof. The cloning process creates fully formed adults, but without the lifetime of knowledge needed to be able to function correctly.

ANN-F:

And that's what this machine does? Implants knowledge?

DOCTOR:

... directly into the memory centres of the clone brain, yes. This one, I presume, has been loaded with the knowledge needed to programme a clone workforce to rebuild this civilisation. – Am I right, Lydek?

LYDEK:

Your words are strange, but I think I understand your meaning. The Oracle was built by our ancestors. It contains the history of our people.

DOCTOR:

I'm right, then. May I-?

DOCTOR PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS. VERY FAINT 'TICKING OVER'.

ANN-F:

Well?

DOCTOR:

It's barely working. Like the Terminal in the temple, the solar cells have all but disintegrated.

LYDEK:

We try to keep the wisdom of the Oracle alive, passing it down from High Priestess to High Priestess. But every generation, the voice of the Oracle becomes harder to hear...

DOCTOR:

I'm amazed that the telepathic generators have run as long as they have...

LYDEK:

But there is another way to access its voice. A secret shown to me by my mother, and her mother before her.

ANN-F:

How?

LYDEK:

With prayer.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

LYDEK:

And a special powder.

DOCTOR:

What 'powder'?

LYDEK:

I shall show you.

55. INT. BAY F SHELVES

JEAN-G & MEL SEARCHING SHELVES.

JEAN-G:

Mel. Up there. Top shelf, three along. Is that it?

MEL:

The logic board. At last! We're lucky. It looks like there's only one left in stock!

JEAN-G:

I'll climb up and get it, then we can get out of here. (STEPS ONTO METAL LADDER)

MEL:

Hurry! Now that the gas has cleared, I'm worried that getting out of here isn't going to be as easy as getting in...

JEAN-G:

(UP LADDER) Got it!

UNDERFLOOR SCRATCHING AGAIN.

MEL:

Come on. Those rat-things seem more determined than ever.

JEAN-G:

(UP LADDER) Just changing the stock level card to zero.

MEL:

(INCREDULOUS) Jean! Leave it!

JEAN-G:

I can't. It goes against my programming. It'll only take a [moment...]

HUGE RENDING AS THE 'RATS' TEAR THROUGH FLOOR. SHRIEK-SQUEALING THROUGH:

MEL:

They're coming through! Dozens of them! Jean - help!

JEAN-G:

Climb the ladder, Mel!

MEL:

(STARTS TO CLIMB, BUT IS ATTACKED) Aaaah! One's got my leg! Jean!

JEAN-G:

(BESIDE) I - I don't...

MEL:

That fire extinguisher! Quickly!

JEAN TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS DOWN THE LADDER.

JEAN-G:

(PULLING EXTINGUISHER OFF WALL – EFFORT) Got it! Here.

MEL:

I can't take it. If I loosen my grip, I'll be pulled down.
Spray it at them!

JEAN-G:

(WRESTLING WITH PIN) The pin's stiff!

MEL:

Hurry, Jean...! They're coming along the shelves now!

JEAN-G:

(STRIKES PIN) Got it!

HUGE 'WHOOSH' OF CO2. 'RATS' RUN OFF, SQUEALING.

JEAN-G:

(DROPS FIRE EXTINGUISHER, CLIMBS DOWN THE LADDER) Mel? Are you alright? Did they bite you?

MEL:

No. No, I'm fine. There's not a scratch on me. – It's almost as if...

JEAN-G:

What?

MEL:

As if they didn't want to hurt me. What did you do with that logic board?

JEAN-G:

I put down on the shelf when... (REALISATION) It's gone!

MEL:

That's why they attacked me! To distract us.

JEAN-G:

The vermin? But what would they want with a computer component?

MEL:

Why did they attack the computer in the first place? (THEY BOTH CLIMB THE REMAINING FEW RUNGS DOWN THE LADDER TO THE FLOOR)
I've a feeling there's far more to these creatures than meets the [eye.]

FRED-F:

(DISTANT) Where are they?

JEAN-G:

Ssh, Mel!

JEAN-F:

(DISTANT) I think that I heard something down here...

MEL:

(SOTTO) We'd better get out of here.

JEAN-G:

(SOTTO) Not that way! Bay G is the other direction.

MEL:

(SOTTO) We're not going back to Bay G. We're going into the service ducts after those rats!

JEAN-G:

(SOTTO) You want to follow the vermin?

MEL:

(SOTTO) There's not much point in going back if we don't have that component. And besides, I want to find out a bit more about our rodent friends.

CLANG, EFFORT AS MEL SHIFTS RENT FLOOR PANEL.

FRED-F:

(DISTANT) I can hear voices. They're this way!

MEL:

(CLIMBING THROUGH HOLE IN FLOOR) Quickly, Jean! With luck they'll think we're heading back the other way, and won't think of looking down here.

JEAN-G:

You're right, they won't. Who in their right mind would climb into ducts full of deadly vermin?

MEL:

I'm not so sure about 'deadly'. Come on, follow me.

EFFORT AS THEY SCRAMBLE INTO DUCT BELOW.

56. INT. ORACLE ROOM**ANN-F:**

(SOTTO) Look at her. Incense and candles and bowls of powder. All to access a computer?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Fascinating, isn't it? Mysticism and technology all jumbled up.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) But how can it possibly work?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I once witnessed something similar, among a lost tribe of the Amazon. I'm guessing that the chemicals in the smoke open up the neural pathways of whoever breathes it, allowing the weak telepathic signal being generated by the computer to connect.

LYDEK:

(ALoud) It is ready. We can begin.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Good luck, Doctor.

LYDEK:

Breathe in the smoke, prophet. Let it open your mind.

DOCTOR:

(BREATHES IN DEEPLY. COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS.)

ANN-F:

Maybe breathe more shallowly?

DOCTOR:

Thank you for your valuable advice. (INHALES)

LYDEK:

Yes, yes! Let the vapours seep into you. (DOCTOR'S POV – HER VOICE BECOMING DISTANT AND ECHOEY) Oracle of the people, reveal the past to this prophet. Reveal to him your secrets...

ECHO INTO:

57. MONTAGE [DOCTOR'S POV]

TRIPPY JUMBLE OF ECHOING, OVERLAPPING VOICES – ORIGINALLY TV NEWS REPORTS, OR RADIO INTERVIEWS.

VOICE #1:

[The Branheely] Expedition to the uncharted sub-continent returned today announcing a key discovery, [and a new scientific breakthrough...]

VOICE #2:

A new variety of fungus thought to have unique medical properties.

VOICE #3:

[The] natives claim that the fungus grew on fragments of rock that fell to earth in their settlement during the meteor showers that lit up our skies [nearly three years ago.]

VOICE #1:

[Early tests] show a remarkable ability for the refined fungus to treat a wide range of ailments, [some of them serious.]

VOICE #2:

[The first of] the patients to be treated with drugs derived from the new Branheely fungus has died in what authorities are describing as unusual circumstances.

VOICE #3:

[There have now been] three more unexplained deaths [in the space of three days.]

VOICE #1:

[There is still] no official word regarding the spate of deaths that have rocked the city, but rumours persist of plans being put in place to deal with a [major emergency.]

VOICE #2:

All citizens are being advised to stay indoors, to keep the doors and windows sealed, and only to go out [if absolutely necessary.]

VOICE #3:

Launches to the space station are continuing, with no official explanation given for this unprecedented number of orbital missions. [Scientists from the space facility...]

VOICE #1:

[We're hearing reports of] shots being fired.

VOICE #2:

Several officers have been badly injured.

VOICE #3:

[Government sources claim that] martial law has become unenforceable.

VOICE #1:

[We're getting reports of] several huge explosions at the launch site. Witnesses claim that shuttles are being deliberately destroyed by the military.

VOICE #2:

[It's now] estimated that over sixty per cent of the population has been infected.

VOICE #3:

"Only by isolating those still unaffected can we prevent the plague from spreading."

VOICE #1:

(WEAKER, DESPERATE) ... no contact with the Warehouse for nearly ten years now...

VOICE #2:

(WEAKER, DESPERATE) Please, if there's anyone still alive up there, we need help...

VOICE #3:

(WEAKER, DESPERATE) Help us...!

TERMINAL:

Contact failed... contact failed... contact failed...

ECHO BACK INTO:

58. INT ORACLE ROOM

ANN-F:

Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me? Doctor, wake up!

DOCTOR:

(GROANS, COMING ROUND) Ohhh...

ANN-F:

Are you OK?

DOCTOR:

(GROGGILY) My head...!

LYDEK:

The feeling will pass.

ANN-F:

What did you see?

DOCTOR:

A whole civilisation destroyed... by a fungus.

ANN-F:

Fungus?

DOCTOR:

It all but wiped out the inhabitants of this planet.

LYDEK:

We who survived are clear of the infection. As is our world.
But it took time.

DOCTOR:

Yes... You waited it out in shelters like these. But it took
hundreds of years. By the time the survivors emerged, they'd
been cut off from the supplies sent up into orbit, to help them
reclaim the planet.

ANN-F:

In the Warehouse!

DOCTOR:

Isolated in orbit, in the hope that those vital supplies would
remain uncontaminated. (SUDDENLY URGENT) We have to get back
there right now.

LYDEK:

(CONCERNED) You are returning to the Warehouse...?

DOCTOR:

We must stop Mel from repairing the computer!

ANN-F:

But why? What's wrong?

DOCTOR:

That machine - the Oracle - it showed me everything: the analysis of the fungus they found, the genetic codes the scientists inserted to try and turn it into a wonder drug...

ANN-F:

So?

DOCTOR:

The results are exactly the same as the analysis I performed on the mould. It DID reach the Warehouse. The fungus up there is the same as the one they had here. If Mel repairs the computer, and it starts to deliver its supplies... this entire planet will be re-infected!

59. INT. SERVICE TUNNELS

JEAN AND MEL CRAWLING THROUGH NARROW METAL DUCTS.

JEAN-G:

Slow down a minute, Mel. Your hips are narrower than mine!

MEL:

My hair's bigger than yours though! Sorry, let's rest for a bit. (BEAT) This is as much of a maze as the shelving!

JEAN-F:

We must be a long way from Bay F by now. I think we must be getting towards the centre of the Warehouse.

MEL:

(SNIFFS) Urgh. There's that smell again - if anything, it's even stronger here.

JEAN-G:

The mould, yes. There must be a concentration of it nearby.

MEL:

Demented computers. Vermin. Mould. To think I was meant to be sat in a grand concert hall, listening to opera, sipping a nice glass of something chilled...!

A VOICE BOOMS OUT FROM AHEAD.

SUPERVISOR:

(OFF) Ohh, that sounds splendid...!

JEAN-G:

(RECOGNITION) Oh my life...!

MEL:

(SOTTO) That came from up ahead! (ALOUD) Who's there?

SUPERVISOR:

(OFF) There's an exit point close by. Please, come and say hello. I don't get that many visitors. I think the smell puts them off...

MEL:

(TO JEAN) Who is that?

JEAN-G:

Mel, that's the Supervisor!

60. INT. ORACLE ROOM**DOCTOR:**

Lydek. You must get us back to the surface. I've got to reach my TARDIS as soon as possible.

LYDEK:

TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

My ship. The means by which we travelled here.

LYDEK:

You were not delivered by angels?

DOCTOR:

No. You see, we're... Well, it's like this... (GIVES UP) Listen, Lydek, we're not Gods, okay?

ANN-F:

We're just people. Like you.

LYDEK:

But... the Catalogue says that you stride amongst the goods, able to reach the highest shelves.

DOCTOR:

Do Ann and I look like we could reach the uppermost shelves of anything? (SIGHS) Lydek, I wish that there was an easier way to do this, but there is no time. There is nothing mystical about the Warehouse. It's just a place, and the people inside it are just that: people. Trapped and isolated, just like you.

LYDEK:

No... It can't be possible... Such talk is blasphemous. (REALIZING) Ah, you seek to test the Loyalty of our cards! You shall not find me wanting in points.

ANN-F:

No, Lydek.

DOCTOR:

(PLEADING) You must trust us. Your people have spent three hundred years sending requests via the terminal. If the computer starts to fulfil those orders... nowhere on this planet will be safe.

LYDEK:

Where is your... 'ship'?

DOCTOR:

In the jungle, on the edge of a hill overlooking the city. It's the only bare spot for miles.

LYDEK:

The Scar. I know the place. (PAUSE) Very well. I will take you there.

DOCTOR:

(RELIEF) Thank you.

LYDEK:

But you must take me with you. To the Warehouse. If you want me to believe, I need to see with my own eyes. (STRIDING OFF)
Come!

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Whatever happened to 'proof denies faith'?

61. INT. DUCT EXIT

EFFORT AS MEL & JEAN-G CLIMB OUT OF DUCT.

SUPERVISOR:

There you are. See, I told you there was an exit. Here, take my hand.

MEL:

Thank you. (HELPED OUT OF THE DUCT) So, you're the Supervisor? What, for the whole Warehouse?

SUPERVISOR:

That's me.

JEAN-G:

(AWED) He's in charge of everything here.

SUPERVISOR:

I do my best, Jean-G. My very best...!

MEL:

Are you a clone too?

SUPERVISOR:

My dear girl, no. I'm as human as you are!

MEL:

Really?

SUPERVISOR:

Look, why are we standing around here, beside this horrible hot, dry ducting? Why don't we go back to my office for a nice glass of water?

MEL:

I'm not sure I should trust you...

JEAN-G:

(HUSHED; SHOCKED) Mel! This is our Supervisor you're talking to.

SUPERVISOR:

But what if I gave you that computer component?

MEL:

(SUSPICIOUS) You've got it?

SUPERVISOR:

I took it from the jaws of one of those awful rodent creatures. I've laid traps of my own, you know.

MEL:

Really.

SUPERVISOR:

So what do you say... Melanie?

MEL:

(SIGHS) We don't really have much choice, do we?

62. INT. TUNNELS

DOCTOR, ANN-F AND LYDEK PROCEED THROUGH TUNNELS.

ANN-F:

I think you were right about these tunnels being a transit system, Doctor...

LYDEK:

(AHEAD, CALLING BACK) They extend to the farthest reaches of the city. They are the quickest way to return to your... ship.

DOCTOR:

Yes, of course.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Is bringing her back to the Warehouse a good idea, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I don't see that we have much choice. Besides, if we can convince her of the truth... she in turn can convince her people.

SUDDENLY:

DARL:

(OFF) Is there someone there? Please... please help...

ANN-F:

Doctor? Did you hear that?

DOCTOR:

Yes... it came from this side tunnel.

LYDEK:

That noise is of no concern.

DOCTOR:

It's of concern to me. Come on, Ann-F.

FOLLOW THEM INTO SIDE TUNNEL:

DARL:

PLEASE, PLEASE. I RECANT MY BLASPHEMY. PLEASE...!

ANN-F:

Over here! (APPROACHING) She can't move, Doctor. She's been tied up in something.

DOCTOR:

Bubble wrap! She's been cocooned in bubble wrap!

DARL:

Please...

DOCTOR:

It's alright. Hold still...

TEARING OF BUBBLE WRAP.

DARL:

(GASPING) I managed to bite a hole in the wrapping, but Reef... Reef...

DOCTOR:

Reef?

ANN-F:

There's someone else here. All wrapped up. I think... I think he's dead.

LYDEK:

(BEHIND) They were blasphemers. They were condemned.

DARL:

Please, High Priestess. Show mercy.

DOCTOR:

(ANGRY) Lydek. Did you condemn these people to be suffocated?

ANN-F:

That's monstrous!

LYDEK:

It was your temple they defiled, Saint Ann. They were sacrificed to appease you.

ANN-F:

(HORRIFIED) Oh, no. No...!

DARL:

(SUDDENLY SEEING ANN CLEARLY) Saint Ann! I see now, it is! It is Saint Ann! Saint Ann... forgive me!

ANN-F:

No! No! I'm not a God!

DOCTOR:

(HARD) Listen to me, Lydek. This barbarism stops. Right now. No more talk of blasphemy. No more sacrifices. Or for once I might just decide that this civilisation isn't worth saving. Do you understand me?

LYDEK:

(PUZZLED) As you wish... (TO DARL) Darl – the Gods have spoken. You are free to go.

DARL:

Oh thank you, thank you!

DOCTOR TEARING MORE WRAP OFF DARL.

DOCTOR:

Here, let me help you out of this awful stuff.

ANN-F:

We'll have to bring her with us. What if Lydek's acolytes capture her again?

RUSTLING FROM ROBES.

LYDEK:

Darl, take this.

DARL:

(ASTONISHED) It's... it's a Gold Card!

LYDEK:

Wear this, and my Service Assistants may not harm you.

DOCTOR:

(DANGEROUS) Lydek – if I find out later that she's been hurt...

LYDEK:

You have my word, prophet.

DOCTOR:

Go, Darl. Quickly...!

DARL:

Thank you. Oh thank you! (HURRIES OFF)

DOCTOR:

Come on, Ann-F. It's time we put an end to all this.

63. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

SWISH OF A DOOR OPENING.

SUPERVISOR:

Home at last. Do come in, ladies. Make yourselves comfortable. I must just get myself a glass of water.

CROSSES TO THE WATERCOOLER WHICH 'BLUPS' AS HE POURS HIMSELF WATER AND GULPS IT DOWN THROUGH:

MEL:

(SOTTO) Jean, are you certain that's the Supervisor?

JEAN-G:

(SOTTO) Yes, of course.

MEL:

(SOTTO) So you've met him before?

JEAN-G:

(SOTTO) Lots of times. - Why?

MEL:

(SOTTO) I don't know... There's something wrong. Why would the most powerful person in the warehouse choose to live in a place like this? It's so damp in here. And that smell...

JEAN-G:

(SOTTO) I told you: it's the mould, that's all.

MEL:

(SOTTO) But it's stronger here than anywhere!

SUPERVISOR:

What are you two gabbing on about?

MEL:

I was just saying to Jean-G - well, that there's something I don't understand?

SUPERVISOR:

And what might that be, my dear?

MEL:

You say that you're human, not a clone?

SUPERVISOR:

But of course. We couldn't have a clone running things, that's an absurd notion.

MEL:

Ignoring that bigoted remark for a moment, that means that you've been alive for over three hundred and fifty years.

SUPERVISOR:

Has it really been that long?

MEL:

So how have you survived all this time?

JEAN-G:

(EMBARRASSED) Mel...

SUPERVISOR:

No, it's alright, Jean-G. It's a valid question. Before I took up the position of Supervisor of this facility, I had a gene inserted into my DNA strand that slowed my metabolic rate. That, and the occasional use of a cryogenic stasis capsule, has allowed me to keep doing my job... Under extremely difficult circumstances, I might add.

MEL:

But... the planet surface. Have you had any contact with the surface? Do you know what's going on down there?

SUPERVISOR:

(STERN) Information about the surface is on a strictly need to know basis, I'm afraid. (PAUSE) Now, where did I put that component...?

MEL:

So that's it, you're just going to hand over that logic board and send us on our way?

SUPERVISOR:

But of course. What else would I do? You really are most mistrusting, Melanie. It's in all our interests to get you back to that computer room with all speed. There are orders to fulfil.

MEL:

Alright. (PAUSE) I'm sorry. I guess I'm just getting jumpy, suspicious of everyone. You're right of course.

SUPERVISOR:

Quite alright, my dear. — Do you know, I think I must have put that component down in my living quarters somewhere. Jean-G, I wonder: would you come and help me find it?

JEAN-G:

Yes, Supervisor.

FOLLOW THEM AS THEY WALK...

MEL:

Look, why don't I [help you -]

DOOR SWISHES SHUT, SEALING JEAN-G AND THE SUPERVISOR IN AN ADJOINING ROOM.

SUPERVISOR:

(ALL JOLLITY GONE) Well? Is Melanie able to repair the computer?

JEAN-G:

Yes, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

And she suspects nothing?

JEAN-G:

No, Supervisor. She still believes the F Family Unit were mistaken about the infection.

SUPERVISOR:

Excellent.

JEAN-G:

But her companion has used a machine and gone down to the surface.

SUPERVISOR:

What 'machine'? Be specific.

JEAN-G:

A ship of some kind.

SUPERVISOR:

Then you need to watch her carefully, Jean-G. If this 'Doctor' has been to the surface I suspect he'll try to stop her repairing the machine.

JEAN-G:

And if she learns the truth?

SUPERVISOR:

Then that would be very unfortunate for her. Very unfortunate indeed.

64. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

DOORS OPENING. DOCTOR, ANN-F AND LYDEK ENTER.

LYDEK:

(IN AWE) This place... is magnificent! A celestial temple of light! And still you say that you are not Gods?

DOCTOR AT CONSOLE, PRESSING BUTTONS. DOORS CLOSE.

DOCTOR:

If I had godlike powers, Lydek, I wouldn't keep landing myself in these situations. Now... 'fast return', I think.

TARDIS ENGINES STARTING.

ANN-F:

Doctor... if the mould is the same as the fungus from the planet, then why haven't we all been infected?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. Some mutation, perhaps... The infection only appeared to have become fatal after genetic tampering. (SIGHS) Why do people always have to meddle with the natural order of things?

'THUMP' OF TARDIS MATERIALISING.

DOCTOR:

We're here. Let's hope we're in time!

DOORS. ALL THREE EXIT INTO...

65. INT. EXHAUST VENT/ VERMIN NEST [CONTINUOUS]

ANN-F:

(EXITING SHIP) Doctor... This isn't where the TARDIS was before.

DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

No. The co-ordinates must have slipped slightly. She does that I'm afraid.

ALL BEGIN WALKING.

ANN-F:

It looks like we're in one of the main exhaust vents.

LYDEK:

(LOOKING AROUND) It is... not as I expected...

DOCTOR:

No, I don't suppose it is. Come on, we've got to get to that computer room.

SUDDENLY: SCURRYING, SCRABBLING OFF.

LYDEK:

What was that sound?

ANN-F:

Oh no. Vermin!

LYDEK:

Vermin?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid Paradise might not be all that you hoped for, [Lydek...]

SUDDENLY: DEAFENING SHRIEK-SQUEALING. HUNDREDS OF 'RATS' POURING IN, ALL AROUND THEM!

LYDEK:

Gods preserve me!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no...

ANN-F:

They're all around us!

DOCTOR:

Both of you, against the wall!

ANN-F:

There must be hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

Yes. I rather think I've managed to land us right in the middle of their nest...!

SQUEALING MERGES WITH END THEME.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE

SUDDENLY: DEAFENING SHRIEK-SQUEALING. HUNDREDS OF 'RATS' POURING IN, ALL AROUND THEM!

LYDEK:

Gods preserve me!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no...

ANN-F:

They're all around us!

DOCTOR:

Both of you, against the wall!

ANN-F:

There must be hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

Yes. I rather think I've managed to land us right in the middle of their nest...!

CONTINUES INTO:

66. INT. VERMIN NEST [CONTINUOUS]

LYDEK:

(GASPS – PSYCHIC PAIN) My head...!

DOCTOR:

Lydek? What is it? What's wrong?

LYDEK:

Their voices! Their voices are in my head...!

ANN-F:

The vermin? They're talking to her?

DOCTOR:

So it would seem. (TO LYDEK) Well, what are they saying?

LYDEK:

"Wait."

ANN-F:

Doctor, look! The vermin - they're knotting their tails together.

DOCTOR:

I know what this is, I've seen it before! They're forming a Rat King!

ANN-F:

A what?

DOCTOR:

A Rat King. A gestalt creature.

ANN-F:

So the 'vermin' ...

DOCTOR:

... are an intelligent alien species. Multiple minds working as one. And somehow Lydek is receptive to them...!

LYDEK:

(TO RATS) Yes, yes - I hear you.

ANN-F:

Why her?

DOCTOR:

Because her neural pathways have been widened by prolonged exposure to that powder, I suspect.

ANN-F:

But if these creatures are so intelligent - why have they been causing so much damage?

DOCTOR:

Let's ask them, shall we? - Good afternoon. I'm the Doctor.

LYDEK [POSSESSED - MULTITRACK WITH WHISPERED VERSIONS]:

You are not a clone worker.

DOCTOR:

No. I'm just a traveller, who arrived at the Warehouse by accident. As did you, I suspect...?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Not by accident. Our instruments detected a dangerous infectious organism. We came to investigate. To help.

ANN-F:

(ASTONISHED) You're... space travellers?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

We are the Muroid ('lure-oid'), from the planets of the Eurminidae (yure-mini-die) galaxy.

DOCTOR:

Then you're a very long way from home.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

We are the first of the long-range survey teams. We hoped to establish peaceful contact.

ANN-F:

So where's your ship?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Adrift. Some of our crew became infected when we first landed. In the struggle to stop them using the ship to reach the planet below, its navigational controls were damaged. Our ship was pulled into the planet's orbit.

DOCTOR:

Trapping you here.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Yes. And so we have tried to contain the spread of the fungal infection. To ensure it could not re-infect the planet below.

ANN-F:

So that's why you disabled the computer!

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Your drones would have proved an ideal means to spread the disease.

ANN-F:

And all this time we've been trying to kill you, treating you like vermin.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

We have suffered... losses at your hands, yes.

ANN-F:

I'm so sorry.

DOCTOR:

Time for reconciliations later. Right now we have prevent Mel from repairing that computer.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

You may already be too late. Our attempts to stop her acquiring the logic board required to complete the repairs have been thwarted by the actions of the creature that was once the Supervisor.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean – 'the creature that was once the Supervisor'?

67. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COMPUTERY FX. SWISH OF DOOR.

ANN-G:

Mum! Mel! Thank goodness.

MEL:

(ENTERING) Good to see you too, Ann-G.

FRED-G:

We thought the Fs must have caught you. Them, or the vermin.

SUPERVISOR:

(ENTERING) And they might have done, dear boy, but for my intervention.

FRED-G:

Supervisor! In person!

JEAN-G:

He found us chasing vermin in the service ducts.

ANN-G:

But did you get the part you needed?

MEL:

Eventually. It turned out he had it.

SUPERVISOR:

Never mind that now. Hadn't you better be getting on with those repairs? We do have a stocktake to be getting on with, you know.

MEL:

I suppose so.

SUPERVISOR:

Fred, my boy, a word in your ear, if I may..

FOLLOW THEM INTO CORRIDOR; DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

FRED-G:

What can I do you for, Supervisor?

SUPERVISOR:

(ALL LEVITY GONE AGAIN) Are all the packages ready for delivery?

FRED-G:

Yes, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

Good. Because if the woman Melanie really can do as she says, then the computer will be fixed within the hour. Have you seen anything of this 'Doctor'?

FRED-F:

No, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

It seems that he and the child from Bay F went to the surface. If they've learned the truth... it would be highly inconvenient!

FRED-G:

What do you want me to do?

SUPERVISOR:

Keep an eye on that girl. Tell me the moment that the computer is repaired.

FRED-F:

Yes, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

Meanwhile, I'd better contact your clone brothers...

FADE.

68. INT. BAY F**SUPERVISOR:**

(TANNOY) This is the Supervisor calling all section managers.

JEAN-F:

Fred! Fred-F! It's him...!

FRED-F:

(COMING OVER) What's he want now...?

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) Drone delivery service is expected to commence shortly. In the meantime, all clones are to check their bays for an alien known as the Doctor. He may try and attempt to interfere with the operation of this Warehouse. He is to be apprehended on sight. If he resists... kill him. Supervisor out.

FRED-F:

Well, there's a turn-up. And all along I was thinking that the Doctor was in league with him.

JEAN-F:

(WORRIED) What about Ann? If she's with that Doctor...

FRED-F:

We'll just have to go out there and find him first.

JEAN-F:

But the infection...

FRED-F:

I'm beginning to think that the infection might be the least of our worries.

69. INT. VERMIN NEST**ANN-F:**

(INCREDULOUS) The Supervisor is infected by the mould?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

The mould has a way of controlling the brain. Many of the clones are already under its influence.

ANN-F:

So Dad was right all along.

DOCTOR:

The question is, why? What have those infected clones been up to all this time...?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

The Supervisor is working to a plan, that much is certain.

DOCTOR:

Whatever his plan, it requires a fully-functioning computer. We must get to Bay G and stop Mel from completing those repairs!

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

That could take time. For our own safety we built this nest a long way from the computer room.

DOCTOR:

We have to try.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

The most direct route is through the computer's cooling vents. We are small enough to get through... but without a means to communicate our intent...

ANN-F:

I should be small enough to follow you through the vents.

DOCTOR:

Excellent! Then you go with the Muroids to the computer room.

ANN-F:

What about you?

DOCTOR:

The Supervisor will need the Warehouse's flying drones to reach the planet. I presume they're stored in some central location?

ANN-F:

Yes. There's a hanger at the very bottom of the Warehouse.

DOCTOR:

Then I think I'll pay it a visit.

ANN-F:

Why? What are you up to?

DOCTOR:

Contingency planning. Muroids – you'd better release Lydek.

LYDEK:

(GASPS AS PSYCHIC GRIP RELEASED) Ohh...!

DOCTOR:

The rest of you – go. Hurry!

ANN-F:

Good luck, Doctor!

SQUEALING RATS HURRY OFF WITH ANN-F.

DOCTOR:

Lydek? Are you alright?

LYDEK:

Those creatures were in my mind...

DOCTOR:

Years of exposure to that powder has made you highly receptive to them. (BEAT) That powder... how's it made?

LYDEK:

From a dried fungus...

DOCTOR:

Yes, of course – the original fungus, minus the genetic tampering that made it deadly. It's that ability to forge a synaptic connection that allows the mould to control the mind...

LYDEK:

Your words are strange, prophet. I do not understand.

DOCTOR:

Never mind, Lydek. And stop calling me the 'prophet' – I'm the Doctor. Come on. We've got work to do.

70. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COMPUTERY FX.

SUPERVISOR:

(SNAPPING) What is taking you so long, Melanie?

MEL:

Give me a chance! This component is tricky to install, I'm going as fast as I can.

SUPERVISOR:

I'm... so sorry, my dear. Please forgive my impatience. It's just — it's so hot in here, and I've been under such strain. Let me just get some water.

BUBBLING OF WATERCOOLER.

MEL:

That's alright. Just a few more connections and we should be able to get everything working properly.

SUPERVISOR:

(TO HIMSELF) A few more moments... yes. After centuries of waiting. (GURGLES WATER)

71. INT. WAREHOUSE SHELVES

DOCTOR AND LYDEK, WALKING QUICKLY.

LYDEK:

It is exactly as written... Treasures as far as the eye can see.

DOCTOR:

And is it everything that you dreamed that it would be, Lydek?
Was it worth all the sacrifices? The countless lives lost
needlessly?

LYDEK:

The smoke in the oracle room revealed to me what lies beneath
the veil of your mind, Proph- (CORRECTING HERSELF) Forgive me:
Doctor. Your hands are far from bloodless.

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY) No.

LYDEK:

It may be that I have led the people down the wrong path. If it
is... I shall seek to make amends.

72. INT. VENTS

ANN-F CRAWLING, TO STOP. MUROIDS SCAMPERING WITH HER.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) There's the computer room, behind the vent.

MUROIDS:

[SQUEALING, IMPLIES "What can you see?"]

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) I can see Mel. But the Supervisor's in there. Oh, and the Gs. - We need to get them out of there. Can you lot create some kind of diversion?

MUROIDS:

[SQUEALING, IMPLIES "OK."]

SCRABBLING OF CLAWS ON METAL AS MUROIDS SCURRY OFF.

73. INT. DRONE HANGAR

DOCTOR:

(WALKS TO DOOR, WITH LYDEK) Here we are...

KEYPAD. HYDRAULIC DOOR OPENING.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Door to drone hanger, opening.

DOCTOR & LYDEK WALK INTO CAVERNOUS SPACE. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND.

LYDEK:

What is this place?

DOCTOR:

A hangar holding thousands of drones, all ready to deliver the goods stored in the Warehouse to the surface.

LYDEK:

The angels...!

DOCTOR:

Angels of death. These machines - and that's what they are, Lydek: machines - will spell the end of your people if we're not careful. (STOPS TO EXAMINE DRONE) Now then, let's take a look at your circuits.

CLICK AS HE OPENS DRONE PANEL.

LYDEK:

Well? What have you found?

DOCTOR:

Yes, as I thought. The drones are all interlinked by some complex flocking programme.

LYDEK:

Once again, I do not understand. Please explain.

DOCTOR:

The drones receive their orders from the central computer, but once they leave the Warehouse they have a certain amount of autonomous control. They'd need it, to avoid unforeseen obstacles, or just to avoid crashing into one another.

LYDEK:

Like a swarm of bees, or a flock of birds. Many creatures, moving as if with a single mind.

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISED) Yes... Yes, exactly.

LYDEK:

And so if you can bring one of these metal creatures under your control...

DOCTOR:

You catch on quickly, Lydek.

HANGER DOOR OPENS, OFF.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Door to drone hanger opening.

DOCTOR:

What...?

FRED & JEAN-F RUSH IN.

LYDEK:

Saint Fred! Saint Jean!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no. The Fs!

FRED-F:

(APPROACHING) Doctor! We've found you!

JEAN-F:

(APPROACHING) But what have you done with our Ann?

74. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

SUDDEN ALARM.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Alert. Vermin infestation detected in central zone.

SUPERVISOR:

What is it? Jean-G, what's going on?

JEAN-G:

Sounds like those pests have broken through the internal panelling again.

FRED-G:

Filthy beasts!

SUPERVISOR:

Where? Where are they now, exactly?

ANN-G:

Computer? Can you tell?

MEL:

Will you lot please be quiet?! I'm trying to concentrate!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Vermin infestation narrowed to Supervisor's Office.

SUPERVISOR:

(SPLUTTERING) My office! We must get them out! At once!

FRED-G:

I'll get the tasers. Ann-G, you stay here and help Mel.

SUPERVISOR:

Come on, come on! They could be doing untold damage!

FRED, JEAN AND SUPERVISOR HURRY OFF. AS SOON AS DOOR SWISHES SHUT:

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Psst. Mel!

MEL:

Did you say something, Ann-G?

ANN-G:

I didn't say a word.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Mel, it's me! Down here!

ANN-G:

Hold on, that came from the v- (SURPRISE) Ann-F? What on earth are you doing down there?

ANN-F:

Help me open this grille, Ann-G, and I'll tell you.

GRILLE LIFTED. ANN-F SCRAMBLES OUT.

ANN-G:

What's going on, Ann-F?

MEL:

And where's the Doctor?

ANN-F:

(URGENT) Mel, listen, you mustn't complete those repairs. If you do it will spell disaster for everyone on the planet below.

ANN-G:

(SCOFFS) Is there something wrong with you, Ann-F?

ANN-F:

Don't you see, Ann-G? We were wrong about the vermin. They're not our enemy. It's the Supervisor, he's infected with that mould!

MEL:

I knew there was something fishy about him!

ANN-F:

Dad... Fred-F, he was right. The mould takes people over, and now it wants to re-infect the planet below.

MEL:

Alright, so where's the Doctor?

ANN-F:

Gone down to the drone hanger to try and sabotage things there. He told me to stop you fixing the computer...

DOOR SWISHES OPEN IN THE BACKGROUND. NO ONE HEARS IT.

MEL:

But it's practically finished! It's just a matter of making the last connection...

SUPERVISOR:

(ENTERING) ... and it won't take a computer genius to do that.

75. INT. DRONE HANGAR**FRED-F:**

What's going on, Doctor? I thought that you and the Supervisor were working together, but he's just given orders to kill you.

DOCTOR:

Never mind, Fred-F. I suppose it was inevitable once he realised that I'd been to the surface, along with your Ann.

JEAN-F:

You took Ann to the surface? Is she safe?

DOCTOR:

Ann-F has gone to try and stop Mel repairing the computer. You were right all along, Fred-F. The Es, the Gs... they're *all* controlled by the Supervisor. He's had them working to his plan all this time.

FRED-F:

I knew it! But what is his plan?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure, but it relies on these drones making their deliveries. Tell me – is there any way of disconnecting them from the main computer?

FRED-F:

No, there are too many fail-safes.

DOCTOR:

Then I'll have to hope that planting an instruction in just one of them will do the trick.

RUMMAGES INSIDE DRONE INTERIOR.

LYDEK:

Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Call it... 'consumer protection'.

76. INT. COMPUTER: ROOM**SUPERVISOR:**

So, Ann-F – back from your little jaunt to the surface, I see.

FRED-G:

And in league with the vermin.

ANN-F:

No, I –

JEAN-G:

Did you really think that the Supervisor would fall for your 'distraction'? – Come away from her, Ann-G.

ANN-G:

(COMPLYING) Mum.

SUPERVISOR:

Now – (HARD) Where's the Doctor?

MEL:

She doesn't know.

SUPERVISOR:

I wasn't asking you. Don't make me hurt you, Ann-F..

ANN-F:

I –

MEL:

(BLOCKING HIM) Don't even think about it, Supervisor. Lay a finger on Ann-F and I'll wreck the computer.

FRED-G:

Let me deal with them, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

No need, Fred-G, no need. A bit of gentle persuasion is all that's required. Jean-G – please, place your hands around the throat... of Ann-G.

MEL:

What?!

JEAN-G:

Please, Supervisor...

FRED-G:

Do as the Supervisor says, Jean-G.

ANN-G:

Mum...?

JEAN-G:

I'm... sorry, love.

ANN-G:

(GASPS) Mum... you're hurting me! (CHOKED THROUGH:)

SUPERVISOR:

You see, Mel. My influence is more than enough to overcome any programmed feelings of family loyalty.

MEL:

You monster!

ANN-F:

Jean-G – let Ann go! Don't listen to him. It's a fungus making you do this! A mould!

SUPERVISOR:

(SHARP) Carry on, Jean-G!

JEAN-G:

Yes... Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

Ah... The clone mind is such a simple thing to control... All except the Anns. For some reason the Anns have unusual resistance.

MEL:

Alright, alright! Let Ann-G go, and I'll complete the connection!

SUPERVISOR:

Good girl.

MEL PLUGS IN THE FINAL COMPONENT. HUM OF POWER.

MEL:

It's done...

SUPERVISOR:

Let her go, Jean-G.

ANN-G:

(LET GO. CRADLING THE WHEEZING ANN-G) I'm so sorry, my dear girl.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Ordering system online. Dispatching goods to delivery drones.

SUPERVISOR:

At last... After three hundred and fifty years...

77. INT. DRONE HANGAR

MACHINERY ALL AROUND STARTS TO COME TO LIFE. CONTINUES THROUGH:

LYDEK:

Doctor, what's happening? What is this noise?

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Drones receiving goods. Programming flight paths for initial delivery.

DOCTOR:

We're too late. Mel has repaired the computer!

THUNDEROUS SCRABBLE OF CLAWS AS 'RATS' SWARM INTO HANGAR.

JEAN-F:

Fred, look! The vermin!

FRED-F:

Get back, Doctor. We'll deal with them.

DOCTOR:

No, Fred-F. The vermin have never been your enemy.

FRED-F:

What?

'RATS' COME TO STOP. SOFT SQUEALING.

DOCTOR:

Watch and listen. Lydek – are you happy to act as our translator again?

LYDEK:

(WITH A TOUCH OF HUMOUR) Interceding is what High Priestesses are best at.

DOCTOR:

Humour, Lydek? I didn't know you had it in you.

'THWIPPING' OF RATS TWISTING TAILS TOGETHER.

LYDEK:

(GASPS, THEN:) [POSSESSED] Doctor. We failed to stop your assistant.

JEAN-F:

(ASTONISHED) They can talk!

DOCTOR:

Ssh! (TO LYDEK) Where is Mel now?

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

She and Ann-F are now prisoners of the Supervisor.

JEAN-F:

Oh no...!

FRED-F:

Doctor – what are we going to do?

DOCTOR:

I think that it's time we gave the Supervisor exactly what he wants.

78. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Goods being loaded from Bay A. Goods being loaded from Bay B. Goods being loaded from Bay C. [ETC, UNDER:]

SUPERVISOR:

Thank you, Melanie.

FRED-G:

Quite the little expert.

MEL:

If I had my way, Fred-G, I'd take a sledgehammer to the thing.

SUPERVISOR:

My, my, how destructive. But no idle threat, I suspect. I think it'd be best if you accompanied me back to my office. We shall monitor the final delivery from there.

MEL:

I'm not going anywhere with you.

JEAN-G:

You have no choice.

SUPERVISOR:

Fred, Jean – stay here, tie up those Anns: both of them. If Melanie here causes me any problems... you know what to do.

ANN-G:

We're not scared of you, Supervisor.

ANN-F:

Well said, Ann-G. Dad and the Doctor will find a way of stopping you, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

Such faith. So misplaced.

MEL:

Underestimating the Doctor is a common mistake.

SUPERVISOR:

Shall we go? I really am getting awfully parched.

SUPERVISOR & MEL EXIT.

79. INT. DRONE HANGAR/ CORRIDOR OUTSIDE

MACHINERY NOISES EBB, RETRACT.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Final loading checks complete. Please vacate the hangar.

FRED-F:

Doctor, the first batch of drones are about to launch.

DOCTOR:

Everyone – it's time to leave! Back to corridor!

'RATS', DOCTOR, LYDEK, FRED & JEAN-G RUSH OUT OF DOOR. OVER THIS:

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Repeat, final loading checks complete. Please vacate the hangar.

DOOR CLOSES. CROSS TO CORRIDOR:

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Hangar sealed.

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) Do you hear that, Doctor? Three hundred and fifty years' worth of orders are about to be delivered.

DOCTOR:

The Supervisor, I presume. How nice to make your acquaintance at last. I take it you have Mel with you—?

MEL:

(TANNOY) I'm here, Doctor. I got that computer working for him. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR:

It's alright, Mel. You did what we thought was the right thing.

SUPERVISOR:

(TANNOY) How touching. I think that it's time we met face-to-face, Doctor. Come to my office – alone. And no tricks! – not if you value Melanie's life. Supervisor out.

JEAN-G:

He's gone.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

If only that were true... Jean-G.

DOCTOR:

Right, everyone: I have a date with the Supervisor. The rest of you know what to do.

FRED-G & JEAN-G & LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Yes, Doctor!

SIMULTANEOUSLY: RATS SQUEAL AFFIRMATIVELY.

DOCTOR:

It's time to rid this Warehouse of its mould.

CROSS BACK TO INSIDE HANGAR:

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Airlocks opening.

STAR WARS SCALE AIRLOCK GRINDING OPEN.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Drones launching.

HUNDREDS OF ROBOTIC DRONES HOVERING UP FROM FLOOR.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Delivery commencing.

MULTIPLE DRONES JETTING OFF THROUGH AIRLOCK.

FADE.

80. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

DOOR SWISHES OPEN.

SUPERVISOR:

Ah. Doctor!

MEL:

(RELIEVED) Am I glad to see you!

DOCTOR:

I've come alone, as agreed. Now let Mel go, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

But of course.

MEL:

(COMING OVER) Doctor, what's going on?

SUPERVISOR:

Isn't it obvious? My clones have been working hard, ensuring that mould spores are in every package due for delivery.

DOCTOR:

Yes, that was the real purpose of the stocktake.

SUPERVISOR:

A way to ensure we infected as many of the goods as possible.

MEL:

But why? Why are you working for the mould?

DOCTOR:

Because the Supervisor is not what he seems.

SUPERVISOR:

Yes, it does seem pointless trying to maintain the pretence any longer...

BUBBLE-CRACKLING NOISE (LIKE MOULD EARLIER) AS HE CHANGES FORM.
FROM HERE ON, SUPERVISOR'S VOICE HAS BUBBLY-CRACKLY FX.

MEL:

What's happening to him?

DOCTOR:

He's relaxing. Letting his human guise slip.

MEL:

Eurgh... his skin, it's all covered in mould!

SUPERVISOR:

To be completely accurate, my skin IS mould. Skin, flesh, organs... I'm not sure there's actually anything left of the original organism at all.

TRANSFORMATION FX END.

SUPERVISOR:

Ah, that is so much better. The bipedal form is such an ungainly shape to maintain...

DOCTOR:

Fascinating. Not just infected. Totally absorbed.

SUPERVISOR:

My spores first arrived on one of the construction shuttles. For years they were left in the cargo bays, exposed to cosmic rays and solar radiation, mutating, adapting, growing...

DOCTOR:

Evolving.

SUPERVISOR:

Exactly.

DOCTOR:

But only thanks to the genetic tampering you'd undergone, back on the planet below.

SUPERVISOR:

Ah, yes. We were alone in the forest for so long, the simplest of organisms...

DOCTOR:

Until the scientists came. So eager to manufacture a wondrous drug that they totally overlooked the most remarkable thing about you.

MEL:

Which was?

DOCTOR:

Sentience. A mould that can think.

SUPERVISOR:

The genetic changes they made to our DNA allowed us to invade a host, to control the brain. The aim was to create a harmless symbiotic relationship.

DOCTOR:

But you *killed* your hosts!

SUPERVISOR:

Yes, well, in any new experiment there are bound to be teething problems.

MEL:

Teething problems!

DOCTOR:

You wiped out an entire civilisation!

SUPERVISOR:

Well, they tried to wipe us out! If the tiniest part of me hadn't escaped up here, our species would have withered and died.

MEL:

So now you want to infect the planet again?

SUPERVISOR:

Yes, but this time, our mutated form will allow us to control our hosts, to absorb them. With a big enough workforce, we can start a programme of interstellar travel...

DOCTOR:

And spread your infection throughout the stars. I can't allow that.

SUPERVISOR:

You sound like the Muroids, they too thought they could control us.

MEL:

Muroids?

DOCTOR:

Our rodent friends. They realised the nature of the mould.

SUPERVISOR:

Filthy vermin. (PAUSE) Where are they, by the way?

DOCTOR:

Oh, gnawing through something, I should think.

81. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Drones approaching planetary atmosphere.

ANN-G:

(SOTTO) We have to do something, Ann-F!

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) We can't. Not with Fred-G still in here.

STEALTHY SCRABBLING OF CLAWS x 2.

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Ann-G. Look. Coming out of the vent.

ANN-G:

(SOTTO) Two of the vermin!

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Two of the *Muroids*.

ANN-G:

(SOTTO) Has Fred-G seen them?

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) No. (BEAT) Wait – where've they gone?

SMALL GNAWING FX.

ANN-G:

(SOTTO) My ropes! They're gnawing through my ropes!

ANN-F:

(SOTTO) Mine too!

FRED-G:

What are you two whispering a– (BREAKS OFF; NOTICING) Vermin!
(CALLS) Jean-G, get back in here – and bring your taser! Jean-G!

DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

FRED-G:

There you are. What have you been doing?

JEAN-F:

Me? I've been rendering your lovely wife unconscious, Fred-G.

FRED-G:

What-? (REALISATION) You're Jean-F!

ANN-F:

Mum!

JEAN-F:

I wouldn't try anything, Fred-G. Not when I've brought my friends.

SQUEALING AS RATS SURGE IN, FOLLOWED BY LYDEK.

LYDEK [POSSESSED]:

Put down your weapon and you will not be harmed.

82. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Drones entering atmosphere.

SUPERVISOR:

Any moment now.

MEL:

Doctor, do something!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) attention. All drones receiving priority signal from drone leader.

DOCTOR:

I already did.

SUPERVISOR:

What?!

DOCTOR:

A little pre-recorded announcement...

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) *Attention all drones! This is a product recall! The items you are delivering have been found to be faulty.*

SUPERVISOR:

No!!!

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) *For health and safety reasons you are instructed to dispose of all goods! This is a priority over-ride command!*

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Product recall order accepted. Rerouting drones.

SUPERVISOR:

You can't do that, you stupid machine!

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) *All customers are to be given a full refund. Thank you for your patience!*

SUPERVISOR:

How have you done this? (BELLOWING) How have you done this!

MEL:

Yes, I was wondering the same!

DOCTOR:

A simple matter of placing a delayed order into the drone flocking program. As we speak the first batch of drones are breaking off from their projected orbit path, and heading for the nearest sun...

SUPERVISOR:

My spores...!!!

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Drones redirecting to close solar orbit. Faulty products to be destroyed.

SUPERVISOR:

No!

MEL:

Oh dear, Supervisor. Looks like you won't be hitting your delivery targets.

SUPERVISOR:

Curse you, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

It's over, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR:

If we cannot have the planet, then we shall absorb every living thing in this Warehouse.

MEL:

What?

SUPERVISOR:

(STRAINING TO TRANSFORM) Soon the inside of this space station will be nothing... but a mass of mould!!!

FX AS HE STARTS TO SWELL. AN EARTHY, ORGANIC NOISE, AS OF A PLANT OUTGROWING ITS POT.

MEL:

Doctor! He's growing!

DOCTOR:

Quick, Mel. Out!

SWELLING CONTINUES AS THEY RUSH OUT. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.
CROSS TO:

83. INT. OUTSIDE OFFICE

BEEPING OF KEYPAD. MUFFLED GROWING NOISE FROM WITHIN.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Door to Supervisor's office, sealed.

MEL:

That's not going to hold him for long!

DOCTOR:

No, but every little helps.

MEL:

He looked just like your experiment, back in the cage in Bay F.
If he carries on growing like that...

DOCTOR:

Yes, before long this whole Warehouse will become a very
unhealthy environment.

MEL:

What are we going to do? We can't fumigate the entire
Warehouse!

DOCTOR:

(ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Dried fungus...

MEL:

What?

DOCTOR:

The computer room! Quickly!

THEY RACE OFF.

84. INT SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

SWELLING FX. CRASHES AS BITS OF FURNITURE ARE CRUSHED OR
DISLODGED BY HIS EXPANDING BULK.

SUPERVISOR:

You'll not... stop me, Doctor!!!

85. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

FRED-F:

So what do we do now, Jean-F?

JEAN-F:

Ann-G's taken a Muroid escort to lock up her Mum and Dad. Nothing much we can do, except wait for the Doctor.

LYDEK:

Good. Then he can take me away from this... unholy place.

VAST, DISTANT ENGINES.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Activating station thrusters.

ANN-F:

What was that? Dad?

FRED-F:

The whole Warehouse is moving!

DOOR. DOCTOR AND MEL RACE IN.

ANN-F:

Doctor! Mel!

JEAN-F:

What's going on?

DOCTOR:

The Supervisor's getting desperate.

FRED-F:

What, so he's trying to fly the Warehouse away?

DOCTOR:

Oh no. I suspect he's planning to crash the whole station onto the planet below.

MEL:

That's one way of spreading his spores!

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Mel. The computer's environmental control circuits – which are they?

MEL:

Coded green, if I remember rightly.

DOCTOR:

The mould needs moisture to survive.

MEL:

That's why his office was so damp - and why he kept drinking the whole time!

FRED-F:

He had watercoolers everywhere!

JEAN-F:

Now we know why!

DOCTOR:

If I can set the heating and dehumidifiers to maximum, he should start to desiccate - to dry to a powder.

LYDEK:

Like the powder our people used...!

DOCTOR:

Exactly. We can then vent him out into space.

MEL:

But how are we going to get the Supervisor out of his office?

LYDEK:

Show me where it is. I shall lure him away.

DOCTOR:

Lydek?

LYDEK:

This palace of metal means nothing to me now. But if this Supervisor would use it to destroy my people... it is my sacred duty to stop him.

86. INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

DISTANT ENGINES.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Warning. Warehouse entering planetary atmosphere. This facility is now operating beyond engineering tolerances.

SUPERVISOR:

Did you hear that, Doctor? It's end for you, and the beginning for m-

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Environment controls adjusting. Humidity down to 70%.. 65%... 60%... 55%...

SUPERVISOR:

(OVER THIS, AGHAST) Wait. Wait! I'm... I'm shrinking...!

CRACKING, RECESSIONAL FX.

87. INT COMPUTER ROOM

ROARING ENGINES.

FRED-F:

Doctor, if we get too much further into the atmosphere, we'll never be able to pull up again!

JEAN-F:

We must override the navigation controls.

DOCTOR:

No! The friction on the hull is giving us extra heat - drying the air quicker.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Hull temperature now reaching critical.

MEL:

Yes, but will we survive long enough to dry the Supervisor out?

88. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

ROARING ENGINES.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Humidity down to 40% and falling.

SUPERVISOR:

(AGHAST) So hot... so dry... what's happening to me?!

DOOR SWISHES OPEN.

LYDEK:

Are you the 'Supervisor'?

SUPERVISOR:

What? Who are you?

LYDEK:

You do not know? Does a God not recognise his devoted servant?
A loyal cardholder?

SUPERVISOR:

God? – Of course, the Doctor brought you back from the planet...!

LYDEK:

That blasphemous Doctor. Destroyer of drone angels. Now he
would kill you, too, with 'environmental controls'.

SUPERVISOR:

Of course...! Loyal servant – if I am your God, save me! Kill the
Doctor!

LYDEK:

He is too well-guarded, by vermin and traitor Saints. But he
transported me here in his space machine, his TARDIS. I saw how
he operated it.

SUPERVISOR:

But... do you know where it is?

LYDEK:

Come. I will show you.

89. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

ROARING ENGINES.

FRED-F:

The Warehouse can't take much more of this, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

Hold your nerve, Fred-F. If I can time the opening of the exhaust vents properly, then the mould will burn up in the atmosphere.

MEL:

Can't we just release it into space?

DOCTOR:

Do that, and there's a chance it'll mutate again. We must give Lydek more time...!

90. INT. EXHAUST VENTS

ENGINES EVEN LOUDER. BITS ARE CRUMBLING OFF THE SUPERVISOR THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Humidity down to ten per cent...

SUPERVISOR:

(WEAK, HUFFING) So hot... I'm just flaking away!

LYDEK:

Fear not, Lord Supervisor. The Doctor's machine is this way...!

SUPERVISOR:

What, in the exhaust vents? (SUSPICIOUS) You wouldn't lie to me, would you? Lie to your god?

LYDEK:

Lie? I shall tell you of a lie - a monumental, iniquitous, wicked lie. Year after year, decade after decade, century after century a High Priestess of Customer Service has waited patiently by the terminal on the world below, waiting to hear from the Gods above.

SUPERVISOR:

And here I am. - Now show me the Doctor's machine!

LYDEK:

To think that I worshipped a creature like you. That I killed in the name of a mould, a fungus, a disease!

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) Lydek. You have to get out of there. I can't hold off opening the vents any longer, or it'll be too late to save the Warehouse!

LYDEK:

I hear you, Doctor!

SUPERVISOR:

It is a trick! (MAKES FOR THE DOOR)

LYDEK:

(SLAMS THE DOOR) You're going nowhere. All my life, I have wanted to meet my maker - now we can do so together!

COMPUTER:

Exhaust vents opening in ten seconds. - Nine. [CONTINUING UNDER:] Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) Lydek, get out!

LYDEK:

No. I must atone for the things I have done.

DOCTOR:

(TANNOY) What? – No! Lydek, you've done enough!

SUPERVISOR:

Please, Doctor. Have pity...!

LYDEK:

Goodbye, Doctor.

COMPUTER:

(TANNOY) Vents opening.

MASSIVE SHUTTERS MOVING. HUGE WOOSH OF AIR AS THE MOULD IS
VENTED OUT INTO SPACE.

SUPERVISOR:

Nooooo!!!

BURNING. FADE.

91. INT. WAREHOUSE [LATER]

DOCTOR, MEL AND THE THREE FS WALKING UP TO TARDIS.

FRED-F:

That's the Doctor's spaceship? That blue shed?

ANN-F:

I told you, Dad!

JEAN-F:

Doesn't look like much to me.

ALL STOPPING.

MEL:

It does us very well, Jean-F.

DOCTOR:

Right, then – Fred-F, Jean-F, Ann; Muroids...

MUROID SQUEAKS.

ANN-F:

You're going, aren't you?

DOCTOR:

Well, the Warehouse is safely back in its geostationary orbit. I've located the Muroids' ship, activated its engines remotely and set up a homing beacon – it should rendezvous with you on the next pass of the planet.

MUROID SQUEALS.

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. I'm afraid without poor Lydek, I'm having trouble understanding you.

MEL:

It's pretty obvious, Doctor. They're saying, 'Thank you.'

DOCTOR:

Ah, well. My pleasure. Or should I say: (HE ATTEMPTS TO SQUEAK IN MUROID)

MUROIDS SQUEAK IN ALARM & SCATTER AWAY.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Evidently I shouldn't have said.

MEL:

Maybe stick to English, in future.

ANN-F:

Now the mould's gone, will the other family units get back to normal?

MEL:

I should imagine they're stocktaking already.

DOCTOR:

You Fs will have to convince them that it's time to stop counting supplies, and start delivering all this bounty to the planet below. There are still plenty of drones.

MEL:

And if they should fail – there's always Bay Q.

JEAN-F:

Fabrics and materials?

FRED-F:

I get it. Parachutes!

MEL:

Easy.

DOCTOR:

(OPENING TARDIS DOOR) Come along, Mel. We have an appointment on Megrootii (meg-rooty-eye) Prime.

MEL:

(ENTERING) Oh, at last...!

ANN-F:

Doctor – are you sure there's nothing we can give you? From the shelves?

DOCTOR:

I ask for no reward, Ann-F. Besides, I've already found out to my cost that your biscuits are a little past their 'use by' date. Goodbye.

TARDIS DOOR SHUTS.

ANN-F:

Goodbye...

FRED-F:

Come on, Ann. We need to get those remaining drones online.

JEAN-F:

Turns out we've got a lot of customers. And they've been waiting an awful long [time.]

TARDIS DOOR SUDDENLY REOPENS.

DOCTOR:

On second thoughts... it can get a little wet on Megrootii. I don't suppose I could trouble you for a new umbrella...?

THE END